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
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BY

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,

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When, from the sacred garden driven
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke :
"The curse a blessing shall be found."

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ARTIST-LIFE.

BENJAMIN WEST.

ART, if the anecdote be not invented by the romance of biography, was born on this continent beside the cradle of a sleeping infant; and the extraordinary career of the Quaker boy who left the woods of America to become the President of the Royal Academy in London, is one of the memorable lessons of childhood. The personal respect which the character of Benjamin West has universally inspired, the interesting details of his life, and the grateful recollection in which his name is held by succeeding painters, have tended in some degree to blend his claims as an artist with those to which he is entitled as a man. It is important to define, if possible, the limits of both. Discrimination is quite compatible with love. Indeed, the only affection that has a sure basis is one conceived and nurtured in the invigorating atmosphere of truth. Character and genius are quite

distinct, and we may feel sincere homage for the one while we question the reality of the other. There can, indeed, be no acceptable tribute to a manly soul except that which justice sanctions and wisdom confirms; and we deem ourselves offering a genuine oblation to the integrity of the pioneer of American art, if, while cordially recognizing his moral attributes, we frankly discuss his artistic merits.

That "tide in the affairs of men" of which the great bard speaks, is as often discernible in the achievement of fame as of fortune. A remarkable series of propitious circumstances attended the life of West. When he first began to indulge his imitative faculties, the accidental visit of a relative suggested the gift of a paint-box—at that time no small rarity in his isolated neighborhood. There is little in the habits or creed of the Quakers auspicious to the fine arts, yet if we are to believe one of his biographers, the spirit moved a member of the fraternity to reconcile, with no little eloquence, the alleged vanity of painting with the requirements of the Gospel—a triumph over bigotry quite extraordinary, considering the condition of society where it occurred. While he was yet a youth, a famine in the south of Europe induced a Philadelphia merchant to dispatch a vessel to Leghorn with flour, and the opportunity was improved by one of his juvenile friends to see the world, to whom the painter became a companion. When they were boarded at Gibraltar by a British officer, this young man proved to be his kinsman, and they were not only unmolested,

but treated with a distinction that gave *éclat* to the voyage up the Mediterranean—the effect of which was clearly perceptible on their arrival. At the period that West visited Rome, the mere fact was calculated to excite attention. He came from a land around which still hung the charm of tradition and romance. It was deemed by the imaginative Italians a circumstance of great interest that a handsome youth should have made a pilgrimage from the distant forests of the western world to study art in Rome. The very day succeeding his arrival, a curious party followed his steps to observe the impression created by the marvels he encountered, and a friendly regard naturally sprang up in their minds for the inexperienced exile. It is now a thing of common occurrence for an American to arrive in the Eternal City bent upon the same objects. Then it was a novelty, and one which operated most favorably upon the dawning career of West. The kindness of Robinson and Cardinal Albani was also opportune in the highest degree, nor is it difficult to trace its after influence. The state of art in England when our fortunate artist went thither, proved no less favorable. The throne of historical painting was vacant, and although in portrait and landscape a few stars yet glimmered, their light rather heralded than outshone the new aspirant for honor and emolument. His countrymen in London were already prepared to extend the hand of fellowship, and Archbishop Drummond's kindly tact soon obtained for him the favor of the king, which his own prudence and amiability ere long ripened into actual friend-

ship. We do not intend to ascribe all the success of the artist to circumstances, but in the lives of few of his profession have they combined to such a degree towards encouraging whatever of native power existed. The sunshine of prosperity is generally acknowledged to exert a fostering influence, and through a large part of West's career, it glowed with a brightness that seldom irradiates the precarious fortunes of artist-life. Some of the very circumstances adduced by the disciples of West in upholding his title to the highest rank in art, confirm the view we have suggested. That he should compare the Apollo Belvidere at the first glance to a young Mohawk warrior, shows how much his mind was given to the conventionalities of art; for upon an ideal spectator, it is the thrilling expression of the god that arrests both eye and heart, and not the litheness of his mould or the graceful animation of his figure. The painter's complaint of Michael Angelo, that he had not succeeded in giving any probability to his works, also shows a want of sympathy with the adventurous. The famous reply that, as a boy, the future President of the Royal Academy made to his comrade, who looked forward to being a tailor—"A painter is a companion for kings and emperors"—strikes us as indicative of worldly ambition far more than of any precocious idea of the dignity of art. One of his eulogists gravely declares that he "rarely failed to achieve what he proposed within the time allotted for its performance," a tribute to industrious and methodical habits rather questionable when applied to efforts requiring felicitous and

exalted moods. His powers of observation were evidently far greater than those of conception. He assiduously sought and improved occasions to widen their range. The manner in which he inferred the principle of the camera, from seeing the effect of light that gleamed through a closed shutter upon the wall of his sick room; his successful experiments to discover how a candle's rays were reflected in an old picture; his visit to Spithead to study the effect of smoke in a naval combat, preparatory to executing the battle of La Hague, evince, among other instances, how carefully he strove to apply the facts of nature to the purposes of art. This, as well as nearly all his desirable traits, arose from the practical good sense which he possessed—a quality we would by no means undervalue in affairs, but one of but limited efficacy in the creations of genius, to which its relation is by no means intimate. In proportion as the designs of West came within the sphere of the actual, and were removed from highly poetic or deeply religious associations, they are fitted to please. His classical scenes and battle-pieces we contemplate without impatience. His fame suffers from that common error—a mistaken position. He attempted to embody ideas and represent sentiments beyond the reach of his natural powers. With every endowment necessary for high respectability in art, he had no legitimate claim to be one of her chief priests. Yet, with no conscious irreverence, did he approach the altar, when he should have lingered in the vestibule of her temple. It was the boldness of ignorance, the self-confi-

dence of a mind to which the mysteries of life were but slightly revealed. It has been a theme of surprise that West should have so long kept the favor of his royal patron; but the wonder is at once dissipated if we study his character. He was from first to last an American Quaker—a being to whom the dictates of prudence were a satisfactory law, and whose ideal of virtue consisted in maintaining a passionless and kindly spirit. He sent home for the bride whom he had so patiently loved, when his circumstances justified marriage. He consulted the king more frequently than any inward oracle; and when the monarch's patronage was withdrawn, he did not complain. When between sixty and seventy years of age, he commenced a series of great works, quite too extensive ever to be realized. This mechanical view of his profession, and the complacent readiness with which it was followed, accord with the opinions expressed in his discourses, where he declares that "the true use of painting resides in assisting the reason to arrive at certain moral inferences, by furnishing a probable view of the effects of motives and passions." The amount of native enthusiasm and divine aspiration that belonged to West, may be inferred from this humble and prosaic estimate of his own art.

"Regulus resigning himself to the ambassadors of Carthage," was the subject of his first successful picture in England, but the sketch of Agrippina occasioned his introduction to the king. His facility and extensive theoretical knowledge, his acquaintance with available expe-

dients, and his regular industry, were the great means of his advancement as an artist; while his thorough benevolence, correct habits, and self-respect, as effectually promoted his social consideration. The bland atmosphere of his early associations and his mature fortunes seems to have continued to the last, for he died at the age of eighty-two, without any specific disease, unimpaired in mind and urbane in spirit.

West relied upon general effects; his ability lies in combination rather than detail. He excites respect on account of the sound judgment displayed in his works. We recognize in them a mature knowledge. His aim seems to have been scenic, and therefore he depends almost wholly upon the spectator's first impression. Our feelings are not won by degrees into sympathy with a great idea or touching sentiment, but attention is caught by the grandeur of the entire design, and the breadth of the scene. There is no intense individuality, no concentrated emotion such as emanates from those masterpieces into which the artist has infused his very being. We think more of art in general than of the idiosyncrasies of the painter in contemplating his productions, and gratify our imaginations by the thought of what a more inspired limner would have done with such a command of materials. Intelligence is, indeed, stamped upon his compositions, and if this were the greatest human attribute, they would not challenge inquiry; but we do not feel that electric spirit and mysterious principle which distinguish the offspring of genius from that of talent and

industry. The point at issue between the advocates of such efforts and those who lament their inadequacy, is one that has been again and again discussed in reference to literature. Perhaps the most striking instance on record is the controversy as to the respective merits of Shakspeare and the French drama. Minds that the truthful and living creations of the English poet do not render unconscious of his violation of technical rules, we conceive to be by nature incapable of appreciating his excellencies. It is, after all, a question of feeling ; and if those who are content with the artificial proprieties of Racine, wonder at the lovers of Shakspeare for enduring his sins against taste or probability, not less great is the astonishment of the latter that any one who has ever felt the glow of ambition, the thrill of love, or the anguish of remorse, could fail to recognize in Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet, the greatest written types of humanity. It is no fanciful distinction which we desire to indicate. On the contrary, the principle at issue underlies not only literature and art, but manners and life. It forms the true difference between spontaneous and conventional virtue, between etiquette and heartfelt courtesy, acquirements and wisdom, the spirit and the letter of the law. Take an effusion of Dryden and one of Coleridge—Alexander's Feast and Genevieve, for instance. In the former we behold at once a command of language, a sense of rhythm, a hand practiced in versification, and apt in rhetoric ; in the latter, we pause not to consider these external facilities, because of the beautiful and

absorbing sentiment of which they are exponents. One we remember as an elocutionary exercise, the other as a cherished echo of the sweetest experience of our hearts. And thus a Madonna of Raphael or a Magdalen of Correggio conveys a lively consciousness of the feelings they represent, as if it had been breathed through color and outline. In a word, we are magnetized by the holy spell of maternal love or penitent grief. Is it thus with the pictures of West? With the events they commemorate, do we realize the idea and emotion that render them sacred? In "Christ healing the Sick," what fixes the mind? Is it the benign inspiration of the prominent figure, or the awe-stricken gaze of reverence, and the earnest pleadings of human affection in those that surround it? Is it not rather the successful representation of physical suffering, the dexterous grouping, and the effective drapery? The sick man excites far higher and more deserved admiration than he by whose divine word he is healed. It may be argued that such a comparison is unfair, inasmuch as the difficulties to be overcome and the effect to be realized in the two cases are quite diverse. This is but admitting West's over-estimate of his own powers. The choice of a subject is often as indicative of genius or its absence as its development, and the manner in which West treated the grand themes he selected, proves that between them and his mind there was little affinity. If the picture we are considering was intended to portray a hospital, to excite benevolence by a vivid representation of "the ills that flesh is heir to," it would merit the high-

est encomiums; but the acknowledged purpose is far more lofty—it professes to depict the most venerated character that ever lived on earth—the exercise of the highest functions ever delegated to a being in the form of man—the exhibition of a sympathy for human sorrow more tender, comprehensive, and profound than was ever manifested in the world. “To the height of this great argument” something besides tact, dexterity, and skill in drawing and color, something besides a knowledge of light and shade, a practiced hand, and a confident mind was needed. An inspiration such as filled the heart and imagination of the painter, and involved the absorption of self in the pathos and majesty of the scene, a sympathetic as well as an intelligent relation to the subject, alone would justify and hallow such an undertaking. And it is this very simplicity, this apparent unconsciousness of conditions like these, which affords the best evidence of West’s comparative incompetency. There is no trace of that solemnity of feeling which breaks from Milton in contemplating his great poem. It would appear as if he set about portraying miracles in a spirit the most commonplace and familiar. There was no pluming of the wings for a long flight, no vibration of the harp-strings preparatory to an earnest strain, no gathering up of the waters ere the glorious march. The cherubim were not invoked to impart their sacred fire, nor did the hesitancy of self-distrust cause the dilated heart to tremble. It was apparently in the mere spirit of honest industry and a good intention that our excellent painter grappled with

the most exalted subjects. If West had one poetic instinct, it was implied in a sensibility to the grand in point of scale and manner. He seems to have conceived of art under a kind of melo-dramatic phase. There was something noble in the scope of his conceptions. A magnificent whole, a bringing impressively together of forms and hues, was the ideal he cherished—for if we take a single figure into careful view, there is often a striking want of oneness of effect. The hands of the Saviour in the picture we have noticed, for example, do not seem to involve the same expression as the chest; but the figure itself, taken in connection with those around, is effective. West, accordingly, seems to have excelled in unity of design, without recognizing that higher law—unity of expression; and this, we think, arose from a lack of that soul of art whereby its creations are both harmonized and made vital.

C O P L E Y .

Portraits appeal to the love of order as well as of beauty. They are useful and attractive not only as connected with the affections, or as meritorious works of art, but as symbols of departed races and ages. All admit the moral charm which invests an ancient estate ; and the inactivity of the sentiment of veneration among us, has been not irrationally ascribed to the comparative absence of those revered objects which, from earliest childhood, habituate the mind to dwell upon its relations with what has gone before, and its consequent responsibility to the future. That wholesome conservatism by which the feelings are rendered consistent and strong, from the influence of attachment to principles, is justly regarded as the most desirable safeguard against reckless fanaticism, both in politics and religion. Human beings are so much the creatures of sympathy, and the memory depends so greatly upon the imagination, that conservative influences are intimately allied with material objects. Even the seared conscience of Lady Macbeth was touched by the resemblance of the sleeping Duncan to her father ; and when

Jeannie Deans visited the Duke of Argyle, she wore her country's plaid, knowing "his honor would warm to the tartan." In this connection the fine arts enact an important part. The architecture of castles and palaces, the statues of local divinities, the designs of escutcheons and sepulchral monuments, address the feelings both of love and pride which bind generations of men together. Still nearer to the heart are family portraits. It is not the invention of romantic fiction which so often describes its heroes as musing in their youth, in some quiet gallery, over the lineaments of a noble ancestry. "Look on this picture and on this," is an admonition more widely suggestive than it was to Hamlet's mother. "A portrait," says Hervey, "is a mournful thing, the shadow of a joy;" but it may be impressive, affecting, and invaluable, when brightened by a hue of personal devotion.

Copley's portraits are among the few significant memorials of the past encountered in this country; and, as they are characteristic to a high degree, possess the interest which is ever attached to such relics. He was the only resident painter of real skill which the new world could boast prior to the Revolution; and seems to have followed his art with pride and assiduity. The heads of leading families, especially those of New England, sat to him; and the prices he commanded, and the fame he achieved, were quite remarkable for the period. The want of early advantages appears chiefly in Copley's coloring. It is probable that an acquaintance with Titian would have felicitously influenced his habits in this re-

gard. Lord Lyndhurst, the son of the artist, declares that his father never saw a good picture until he was thirty years of age. It cannot be doubted that his knowledge was acquired under considerable discouragement, and that the excellence of his drawing was the result of persevering study. It is said that the first picture which he sent to England, juvenile effort as it was, exceeded all subsequent attempts in point of transparency and richness of hue. The dryness of tone and formality of manner in his pictures is, in a great degree, attributable to the unpropitious influences under which he acquired the rudiments of his art.

From an amusing description of a provoking fellow-traveller in Italy, in one of his letters, we infer that he was not deficient in humor. It was one of his peculiar fancies to introduce squirrels into his pictures, and he is said to have been intimately acquainted with the natural history of this animal, and we imagine made pets of several of the species. He had a turn for literature, especially for English history and poetry ; and was an excellent kinsman. Considering his Irish descent, and his artistic propensities, he was prudent and systematic to a remarkable degree ; and the minute finish of the accessories and fabrics in his portraits, suggests a patience and industry quite accordant with the character of his fellow-citizens. His residence in Boston overlooked the Common, and that in London is still occupied by his son, and adorned with his works. "There is a kind of luxury in seeing," he remarks, writing from Rome ; and judging

from the hint Trumbull gives us of his style of living, as well as from the characteristics of his paintings, his taste inclined to magnificence. His life was uncommonly prosperous. For his 'Death of Chatham' he refused fifteen hundred pounds; and even in America, where he began his career as early as 1760, his annual income, according to his own statement, was three hundred guineas. Methodical and industrious to the last, his powers deteriorated with age; and what remains to us of his labors evidences that his talent was essentially for portraiture—the more ambitious efforts being only a collection of likenesses.

He had the good sense to postpone visiting England until the commencement of hostilities, and reaped a liberal harvest from his industry at home. The fruits of his early toil are now to be found on the walls of several public institutions, in venerable country houses, and the more aristocratic dwellings of our cities. Associated as they chiefly are with the Colonial or Revolutionary period of our history, there lingers around them the charm of a bygone era, which endears even their palpable defects. The want of ease and nature in these time-hallowed portraits, is, indeed, as authentic as their costume. They are generally dignified, elaborate, and more or less ostentatious, but we recognize in these very traits the best evidence of their correctness. They illustrate the men and women of a day when pride, decorum, and an elegance ungraceful but rich, marked the dress and air of the higher classes. The faces are rarely insipid, and

the hands almost invariably fair and delicately moulded. It appears to have been a favorite mode either with the artist or his sitters, to introduce writing materials, and to select attitudes denoting a kind of meditative leisure. The *otium cum dignitate* is the usual phase. A rich brocade dressing-gown and velvet skullcap—a high-backed and daintily carved chair, or showy curtain in the back-ground, are frequently introduced. Sir and Madam are the epithets which instinctively rise to our lips in apostrophizing these “counterfeit presentments.” There is that about them which precludes the very idea of taking a liberty. They look like incarnations of self-respect—people born to command—men whose families were regulated with the reserve of state policy, and women who were models of virtue and propriety. In reading of John Hancock, or Mrs. Boylston, we think of them as painted by Copley. Large ruffles, heavy silks, silver buckles, gold-embroidered vests and powdered wigs, are blent in our imaginations with the memory of patriot zeal and matronly influence. The hardness of the outlines, and the semi-official aspect of the figures, correspond exactly with the spirit of those times. Like all genuine portrait painters, Copley unconsciously embodied the peculiarities of his age. Pride of birth had not then been superseded by pride of wealth. The distinction of gentle blood was cherished. Equality had only begun to assert itself as a political axiom; as a social principle it had not dawned upon the most ultra reformers. The patrician element still carried honorable sway in the new

world, and ere its external signs were lost in republican sameness of bearing and costume, the pencil of Copley snatched them from oblivion, by a faithful transfer to canvas.

The sympathies of the painter were modified by the circumstances of his life. Of good lineage, and on intimate terms with the wealthy merchants of Boston and the learned professors of Cambridge, isolated in his vocation, aristocratic in his manners, and almost constantly occupied, he shared not the vagrant habits and undisciplined enthusiasm of artists of a later day. He was eminently respectable ; and his character was based upon English pride and intelligence. There was no overflowing geniality in his style. He seems never to have come into any vivid relation with nature ; but painted with studious regard to established rules and conventional propriety. While quite a youth, he sent a picture entitled "The Boy and Squirrel," to the Royal Academy. Its merit was at once acknowledged, and there being no name annexed, its American origin was inferred from the quality of the wood of which the frame was made. He regularly exhibited for several years afterwards ; so that on arriving in England, his reputation for portraiture was already established.

"A Youth rescued from a Shark" is one of Copley's most celebrated works, and has been extensively engraved. The ferocious voracity of the shark, the terror of the boy, the intrepid spirit of his deliverer, the heaving boat and bloody wave are effectively delineated. The

picture is now in the School of Christ's Hospital, so well described by Lamb. In the "Death of Chatham," there is evident the same rigidity which marks his minor attempts; but the scene is given with dramatic expression, and the varied and intelligible feelings of each spectator of the great statesman's failing energies vividly depicted. Copley and Trumbull in their military compositions, first successfully introduced modern costumes in historical painting. How far the actual should be sacrificed to the picturesque, the familiar to the ideal, has long been a question, and one which it is very difficult to settle. There is something essentially ineffective and ungraceful in dress-coats, stocks, chapeaus, and top-boots. In statuary no one can fail to perceive how much is gained by approaching the nude, or introducing the simple folds of classic drapery. In the "Declaration of Independence," the row of legs is positively uncouth; and in the military scenes of Trumbull and Copley, only the interest of the action reconciles us to the homeliness of the details. Red coats and muskets have no ideal associations; but these artists had the talent to give character to postures and faces; and like good actors in an indifferent theatre, win attention from the accessories by the spirit of the main conception. Copley's "Death of Major Pierson" thus affectingly commemorates an instance of heroic self-sacrifice; and had the requisite encouragement been given, he would have devoted himself to that department of historical painting which embodies important events, by distinguished groups and

actual portraits—such as Trumbull's Declaration, Leslie's Coronation, and his own Defeat of the Spanish Batteries at Gibraltar—a branch for which his practiced skill in likenesses and his judgment in arrangement were finely adapted.

STUART.

STUART's genius was eminently practical. There are two very distinct processes by which superior abilities manifest themselves—that of intelligence and that of impulse. As great military achievements are realized equally through self-possession and daring, skill and bravery, foresight and enthusiasm, the calmness of a Washington and the impetuosity of a Murat, literary and artistic results owe their efficiency to a like diversity of means. The basis of Allston's power was a love of beauty—that of Stuart's, acuteness; the one possessed delicate, the other strong perception; one was inspired by ideality, and the other by sense. Hence Stuart has been justly called a philosopher in his art. He seized upon the essential, and scorned the adventitious. He was impressed with the conviction that as a portrait painter it was his business to deal frankly with nature, and not suffer her temporary relations to interfere with his aim. Hence his well known pertinacity in seeking absolute expression, and giving bold general effects—authentic hints rather than exquisitely-wrought details. Hence, too, his amusing impatience

at every thing factitious and irrelevant. A young physician whom he desired to paint in remuneration for professional services, made a studied toilet, and with a deep sense of the importance of the occasion, appeared punctually at the hour designated. Stuart was prepared to receive him—canvas, throne and palette all arranged. To his visitor's surprise, however, after surveying him a moment, he deliberately seated himself and commenced a series of those interesting narrations for which he was celebrated. Time flew by and the annoyed Esculapius heard the hour chimed when he should be with his expectant patients. At length he ventured upon the dangerous experiment of interrupting the irascible but fluent artist. "Mr. Stuart, this is very entertaining, but you must be aware that my time is precious. I feel very uncomfortable." "I am glad of it," replied Stuart; "I have felt so ever since you entered my studio." "Why?" "Because you look so like a fool. Disarrange that fixed-up costume, and I will go to work." His sitter, feeling the justice of the rebuke, pulled off his stiff cravat, passed his hand through his hair, and threw himself laughing into an easy attitude. "There," said the painter, catching up his brush with alacrity and quite restored to good nature by the metamorphosis, "now you look like yourself." This anecdote illustrates a great principle upon which Stuart habitually acted, and to which is attributable much of his success. He sought expression in the intervals of self-consciousness, and considered no small part of the art of portraiture to consist in making

the subject forget himself. He ventured even to irritate Washington by intentional unpunctuality, in order to enliven his serene countenance by a glow of displeasure, which he seized with avidity. To this end he cultivated his powers of observation and memory, and studied human nature with as much zeal as art. He sought a command of the original elements of expression, and endeavored by exciting idiosyncrasies to bring out the character, until eye, lip, and air most eloquently betrayed the predominant spirit of the man; and this, when transferred to the canvas, alone realized his idea of a portrait.

Stuart's name boasts the less romantic associations of the "pungent grains of titillating dust," as Pope calls snuff. A Scotch gentleman—one of those quaint disciples of Boerhaave who were among the original settlers—undertook to practice the healing art among the Quaker colonists of Rhode Island, but neither his manners, dress, nor turn of mind assimilated with their severe philosophy; and in considering the most available expedient within his power to insure a support, it occurred to him that the large quantity of snuff annually imported from Glasgow was a guarantee that the article might be profitably manufactured here. Accordingly, a sequestered rivulet, at which the Pequod warriors had often drank before they were dispossessed of Naragansett, was chosen as the site of the experiment. It appears that there was not sufficient mechanical skill in the colony to erect the mill, and the doctor sent home for one of his thrifty countrymen experienced in the business. The new emigrant was the

father of Gilbert Stuart, to whom he gave the middle name of Charles to perpetuate his Jacobin opinions, which the son, with characteristic waywardness, dropped as he rose to fame. Not so, however, with the habit thus early acquired of taking snuff, which copiously sprinkled his linen, and, as in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was ever resorted to in the intervals of story-telling, at the conclusion of a witty rejoinder, or as he leaned back from his easel to observe the effect of an hour's limning.

There was in Stuart's character something of the dogmatic spirit which belonged to Dr. Johnson. Indeed, it would not be difficult to establish a striking parallel between the two. Decided talent, fertility in conversation, inveterate prejudice, a rough exterior and a marked individuality, distinguished alike the artist and the author, and it is curious to note how spontaneously they fell into an antagonist position when chance brought them together. Stuart, while a student in London, was accidentally introduced to Johnson, who, coolly expressing his surprise that an American should be so apt in his vernacular, asked the youth where he learned such good English. "Not in your dictionary, sir," was the indignant reply. Easily won by agreeable companionship, which formed his principal delight, and of a really kind disposition at heart, his self-esteem instantly resented the slightest wound. His pride of opinion and a sense of the dignity of his vocation, or rather of the genius of which, in his best days, it was the exponent, caused him to retaliate summarily any thing that might be construed into a personal affront.

A family of distinction having ordered a portrait of one of its leading members, and capriciously delayed the promised remuneration, he had the picture fitted as a door to his pig-sty ; and when Cooke the tragedian fell asleep in his studio, he substituted an ass's ears for those of the great actor in the likeness. The main obstacles against which Stuart had to contend throughout his career were his own perversity and imprudence. In every exigency in his affairs, the best-devised plans which friendship or benevolence undertook in his behalf, were contravened by the artist's wilfulness, and thus many sincerely interested in his welfare were alienated. While abroad, in early life, and especially during a jovial sojourn in Ireland, he acquired convivial habits which sometimes interfered essentially with his professional success. If his vigorous intellect had been sustained by methodical industry, there would have been more equality in his efforts and less vicissitude in his fortunes. But the social man and the devotee of art were at frequent war, although perhaps there never was an instance where the one was so happily made subsidiary to the other. His talk "drew the soul to the surface." He was a proficient in knowledge of character, and whether statesman or mariner, soldier or agriculturist occupied the chair, he discussed political affairs, dangers by flood and field, or the state of crops, with such zest and so many attractive illustrations from his store of anecdote, that each auditor in turn became perfectly at home, and exhibited his most characteristic appearance. Alternately residing in the principal cities

of America, after a visit to Great Britain, he enjoyed familiar intercourse with the leading minds of the day, on both sides of the water. Obligated at one time to become an organist in London for bare subsistence, at another commanding prices second only to Reynolds and Gainsborough, and overwhelmed with profitable commissions; with a strong physical organization, and that sharp, practical insight which distinguishes the Scotch character, a lingerer at the banquet and a keen student of art—his life abounds in the most skilful achievements and the most eccentric irregularities.

In portrait-painting Stuart illustrated the most valuable principles, and in endeavoring to seize upon these, it must be remembered that he painted indifferent works enough to have ruined the credit of any artist whose ability had been less unequivocally manifested. His main idea was to interpret for himself, and represent according to his own free perception. "I wish," he said, "to find out what Nature is for myself, and see her with my own eyes. Nature may be seen through different mediums. Rembrandt saw with a different eye from Raphael, and yet they are both excellent—but for dissimilar qualities." Upon this judicious and liberal view Stuart habitually worked. His best portraits are, therefore, glimpses of character. Even those heads which time has robbed of all intensity of expression, he seems to have restored without any sacrifice of truth—as in the case of the elder Adams. It was this feeling for the original, this loyalty to individual conviction as the

source of excellence, that led him to prefer the unschooled criticism which his works received at home, where he said—"they were compared with nature, of which they were direct imitations, instead of being estimated, as abroad, by their approach to Titian and Vandyke."

Quick of apprehension, discriminating and rhetorical, Stuart, when he chose to exert the valuable quality, could exercise rare tact both in the labors of his art and the pleasures of society. He had great command of satire, and where he could not win by entertaining, found no difficulty in exciting a fear of ridicule which checked the machinations of enmity. This accounts for the different impression he created, according as the individual was fascinated or frightened. He possessed the hardihood rather than the susceptibility of genius, and effected his triumphs by the force of a comprehensive mind, which takes in all the relations of a subject and attains a complete instead of a fragmentary result. Allston said of him that he could thoroughly distinguish the accidental from the permanent—no insignificant merit in portrait painting. It is acknowledged that his likeness of Washington is the only just representation of a countenance wherein the tranquillity of self-approval blends with wisdom and truth, so as to form a moral ideal in portraiture as the character was in life. It is lamentable that such inadequate copies of this head have gone abroad, owing in some instances to the inability of engravers, and in others to the use of spurious originals. It was the last of his portraits of Washington alone with which Stuart expressed any satisfac-

tion. He promised to present it to the family when finished, and with a humorous shrewdness in accordance with his character, left the head alone upon the broad canvas, in order to retain what he justly deemed his most invaluable trophy.

TRUMBULL.

ART, in its comprehensive sense, appears designed to vindicate nature. A genius for action, when thwarted by physical or moral inaptitude, is often happily exhibited through the imagination. Thus poetry has been defined as the expression of unattained desire; and it is no small consolation to enthusiasts, when denied a career, to represent adequately, in language or colors, the events in which they would have fain taken part. The love of glory is as evident in the subjects which artists choose to illustrate, as in the patient toil they devote to renown, and it is not more difficult to infer the modesty or ambition of a painter than his taste. The dominant idea with Trumbull in his artistic labors, was to memorialize great events. He was endowed to sympathize with these. By early association he was identified with that peculiar tone of character—blending a keen sense of honor with a spirit of enterprise, that marked our revolutionary epoch. He inherited a strong national feeling. To remarkable quickness of perception, habits of study, and a thirst for distinction, he united a decided talent for drawing,

but, apparently, little of that intense love of the beautiful, or deep enthusiasm for art, which distinguish more gifted painters.

There are more satisfactory themes for the poet and artist than war affords ; but the cause for which a battle is waged, and the results of a single contest, often give vast moral interest to its very name. The prominent events of our revolutionary era have this character ; and to have portrayed any of them with truthfulness and effect, is no ordinary distinction. Such is the feature of Colonel Trumbull's artist-life. Engravings have rendered his pictures so familiar, that it is unnecessary to enumerate or discuss them. They have but inconsiderable claims to lofty conception or original beauty, and merit attention chiefly as veritable glimpses of actual men and events, which have exercised a wonderful agency upon human welfare. In fact, Trumbull's life was one of various action, and his military title and diplomatic reputation, mingle rather incongruously with the serene avocation to which his intervals of business were given. It is natural that he should have gratified his patriotism and adventurous instinct in employing his pencil upon the memorable themes of our history. We can with difficulty imagine a man whose time and thoughts were so constantly employed in affairs, turning readily to landscape or still-life, while historical subjects at once would awaken a familiar interest. His reasoning far transcended his imaginative powers. Skill, rather than fancy, marks his pictures. His father was

not wrong in supposing him fitted to shine in the legal profession. Even in painting we discern the practical turn of his mind ; and he was more of an engineer than a poet. When his education was completed, it was long before he could reconcile himself to a merely studious course ; and after having left the army, he acknowledges that the sound of a drum often called a tear to his eye. Burke advised him to study architecture, in order to minister to the exigencies of a new and growing country ; and there is reason to believe he would have excelled in this branch. The suggestion did not, however, coincide with the idea of glory he was fond of attaching to art. To realize the vicissitudes of Trumbull's life, it is only necessary to recall some of the occupations in which he was at various periods engaged. From school-master of a Connecticut village he became an adjutant ; from secretary of legation, circumstances transformed him to a brandy merchant, and from a treaty commissioner abroad to a portrait painter at home. Meantime, he had sketched Indians and Rhine scenery, copied celebrated originals, journalized, and travelled—flown over a battle-field with nothing but a handkerchief wound around his head—suffered imprisonment—been threatened more than once with shipwreck, and enjoyed the society of the leading men of his own country and Europe.

As regards social advantages, indeed, Trumbull, through life, was greatly favored. His official relations, as well as his pursuit of art, brought him into intimate

contact with the most distinguished of his time. In the flush of youth he was, for a brief period, aid-de-camp to Washington. Fox and his illustrious rival visited him when incarcerated in London. He disputed Jefferson's atheistical philosophy at his own table, and had long conversations with Madame de Stael, Talleyrand, Sheridan, and other celebrities. Sir Joshua criticised and complimented him; Governor Hancock visited his sick-bed; Lafayette confided to him the secrets of French politics, and David rescued him from the police of Paris. He was morbidly sensitive, and this, with a certain pride of character, involved him in many disputes, and led him abruptly to leave the army, in consequence of the injustice of Congress; while others equally meritorious, like General Schuyler, suffered worse treatment patiently, for the sake of the great cause in which they were engaged. He was gloomy in youth, and it was in no small degree through his ambition that art captivated his mind. While a schoolboy, reading of Zeuxis and Appelles, in an obscure country town, he conceived the desire to be a painter. This predilection was confirmed by the sight of Copley—whose portraits were the first specimens of the art he ever saw—in a splendid wedding-suit. As to his juvenile practice, it began with drawing figures on the sanded floor of his nursery.

He experienced the truth of his father's remark, while dissuading him from the pencil—that Connecticut was not Athens; yet no artist in this country ever received such an amount of government patronage. The

proceeds of his four pictures, thirty-two thousand dollars, were honorably appropriated to the liquidation of his debts; and by an arrangement with Yale College, he secured an annuity adequate to his support during the remainder of his life. His perseverance and industry were remarkable. The former quality, however, induced the same error as with Copley—that of prolonging his labors after his ability to do himself justice had ceased. Even if a *Gil Blas* had been at hand, he would not probably have consulted him on the expediency of commencing a new series of pictures of revolutionary subjects at the age of seventy-two. Before that period he had served his generation enough to satisfy a just ambition. He had been engaged in the opening of the war of independence, rendered essential aid as a commissioner under Jay's treaty, and taken an active and honorable part in public affairs throughout his life. He had been made a prisoner of war as an offset to the lamented Andre, and taken counsel with the most influential spirits of an exciting era, on subjects of vast moment.

Trumbull's initiation into life was stormy, and his early impressions indelible. He witnessed the ravages of pestilence at Crown Point, and studied the picturesque by the light of a burning forest, on his midnight watch. His first promising attempt in oil was a copy of Cardinal Bentivoglio's portrait in Harvard College library; and that which made him known as an efficient draughtsman, was a sketch of the relative positions of the two armies

on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill. It is as the limner of occurrences like this that Trumbull became celebrated. He created no marvels of beauty. He left behind no wonderful reflections of nature. But he transferred to canvas the features of those extraordinary men whose wisdom and valor guided to a triumphant issue the struggles of an oppressed people. He delineated scenes the details of which are deeply interesting to the world; and snatched many a face endeared to patriotism, from oblivion,—thus illustrating the utility of an art whose ideal heights it was not given him to reach.

The education and experience of Trumbull fostered his natural integrity and precision, and these qualities marked his habits and manners, and are evident in his pictures. His sense of honor and idea of correctness were extreme. Hence the accuracy of his portraits and grouping. In his latter days, before age had subdued his energy, he was a type of the revolutionary character—proud, intelligent, and conscientious. Fertile in reminiscence, scrupulous in intercourse, and dignified in bearing, he was among the last representatives of the Hamilton school of politics, and his patriotic feelings and admiration of Washington were undying sentiments. The apathy with which his claims were recognized as an artist, doubtless somewhat warped his views, and they were often insisted on with a pertinacity that seemed unreasonable. To a liberal mind, however, the circumstances that attended his long and varied career, sufficiently account for

the captious spirit into which he was occasionally betrayed ; and it should never be forgotten that he left an invaluable bequest to his country, and that his artist-life is indissolubly associated with men and events which the progress of time only renders more sacred.

ALLSTON.

NOBLE specimens of Art as are many of Allston's pictures, to one who regards the tendencies and effect of his entire character, they serve rather as suggestions than a complete representation of the man. Yet had we no other evidence of the spirit he was of, when rightly contemplated, all might be inferred. And perhaps no better proof of their superiority could be adduced than this very fact, that they not only bear but invite study, grow upon the imagination, and haunt the memory. There is sometimes a kind of beaming atmosphere radiated from the human countenance when fervent emotions warm its features. It is a kind of expressiveness which makes the halos around the saints and virgins of the old masters scarcely appear unnatural—the soulful intelligence to which the poet refers when he describes spiritual elements as informing the body “till all be made immortal;” the loveliness created by sentiment, that Wordsworth recognizes in the rustic heroine of whom he says, “beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face.” In our view, this evanescent charm is the richest humanity can wear. An ordinary artist can imitate form and give

us the brow, eye and lip, which are symmetrical but unvarying. It requires more profound sympathy with the mysteries of being, to appreciate the transitory and significant indications of the beautiful in expression—that which is the immediate offspring of moral and intellectual life. Men of reflection and sensibility are won by this alone, because it allies itself with permanent associations, is a revelation of the soul itself; and if the hopeful speculations of Swedenborg in regard to a future world have any basis in truth, by it may we know even there the loved and lost. In seizing this magnetic principle, this divine glow, and, as it were, atmosphere of the countenance, Allston was remarkably successful. His Beatrice, Rosalie, and Spanish girl, seem kindled into beauty by the simple genuineness of their feelings. Certain objects and effects of his pictures—as seen when they were partially collected for exhibition several years since—have never passed from our minds. The transparent atmosphere of the Swiss landscape, so true to the peculiarities of Alpine scenery; the moonlight reflected on the water beneath a bridge; the love-warm tints that play around Lorenzo and Jessica; the inimitable foot of the scribe in Jeremiah; the keen gray eyes and speaking beards of the Israelites, and the eloquent figure of Miriam, are images that linger brightly to the inward vision, and thus prove themselves a portion of the realities of Art.

In the moral economy of life, sensibility to the beautiful must have a great purpose. If the Platonic doctrine of pre-existence be true, perhaps ideality is the surviving

element of our primal life. Some individuals seem born to minister to this influence, which, under the name of beauty, sentiment, or poetry, is the source of what is most exalting in our inmost experience and redeeming in our outward life. Does not a benign Providence watch over these priests of nature? They are not necessarily renowned. Their agency may be wholly social and private, yet none the less efficient. We confess that, to us, few arguments for the benevolent and infinite design of existence are more impressive than the fact that such beings actually live, and wholly unfitted as they are to excel in or even conform to the Practical, bear evidence, not to be disputed, of the sanctity, the tranquil progress and the serene faith that dwell in the Ideal. Allston was such a man. By profession he was a painter, and his works overflow with genius; still it would be difficult to say whether his pen, his pencil, or his tongue chiefly made known that he was a prophet of the true and beautiful. He believed not in any exclusive developement. It was the spirit of a man, and not his dexterity or success, by which he tested character. In painting, reading, or writing, his mornings were occupied, and at night he was at the service of his friends. Beneath his humble roof, in his latter years, there was often a flow of wit, a community of mind, and a generous exercise of sympathy which kings might envy. To the eye of the multitude his life glided away in secluded contentment, yet a prevailing idea was the star of his being—the idea of beauty. For the high, the lovely, the perfect, he strove all his days.

He sought them in the scenes of nature, in the masterpieces of literature and art; in habits of life, in social relations, and in love. Without pretence, without elation, in all meekness, his youthful enthusiasm chastened by suffering, he lived above the world. Gentleness he deemed true wisdom, renunciation of all the trappings of life, a duty. He was calm, patient, occasionally sad, but for the most part, happy in the free exercise and guardianship of his varied powers. The inequality of Allston's efforts, and his frequent cessation from labor, have been the subject of no little reproach. The habits of no man, and especially a man of genius, can be rightly judged when viewed objectively. To ascertain the strata of a geological formation, and explain the workings of a mind, are two very different processes. Observation alone is required for the former, but sympathy is absolutely needed for the latter. It is astonishing that with the new light modern science has thrown upon physiology, it is so seldom taken into view when mental phenomena are discussed. There is no fact better established than that the integrity of the nervous system is necessary to the felicitous exercise of mind. Yet biographers and critics seem blind to its influence. This delicate medium of intellectual activity is refined and sensitive in all rarely endowed beings, for vivid impressions are the source of their power, and to these a susceptible organization is essential. When our illustrious painter went to London, he threw himself ardently into the pursuit of his art. In order to work undisturbed, he adopted the practice of the country and

took no refreshment between early morning and evening. The long intervals of abstinence, to which he was previously unaccustomed, combined with intense application and great mental excitement, produced a chronic derangement of the digestive organs, and when he retired to Clifton in pursuit of health, his medical adviser prophesied that he would never again experience the blessing. Immediately subsequent, a domestic bereavement still farther reduced his vital energy, and from this period he could only exercise his profession when temporary vigor nerved his frame. But his was a nature to which inactivity was unknown. When not ostensibly employed, he was meditating subjects upon which to engage his pencil, revolving a speculative theory, or pouring forth the treasures of his experience for the advantage of others.

There is a beautiful progression manifest in the taste and views of Allston. It is said that his youthful intimacy with Malbone, while passing his college vacations at Newport, was the occasion of his first resolve to devote himself to art. His original turn was for comic scenes—a circumstance observable in the case of several religious painters. The sense of humor is developed before deeper feelings awaken. Art, like all things else, presents itself to the young fancy as a pastime rather than a mission. A certain love of the supernatural appears, however, to have been characteristic of Allston. It displayed itself at first in the numerous wild scenes he loved to depict, of which the prominent figures were always banditti. Gradually this feeling assumed a higher scope,

as his *Witch of Endor* and *Spalatro* evidence, and, at length, it seems to have become hallowed by more sacred emotions, until it aspired to embody those conceptions of which prophets are the exponents, and holy reverence the motive. The great principle of his career was individuality, and this is one secret of his fame. He did not suffer the immediate to interfere with the essential. He vowed allegiance to no school, and knew how to revere without servilely imitating. What surrounded never encroached upon what was within. That "the only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself," was one of his favorite maxims. With a spirit of generous appreciation, a truly catholic love of the beautiful, and an instinctive recognition of merit, he yet felt that to be true to himself was his greatest privilege and highest duty. He estimated praise at its just value, and while its sincere expression cheered, it never blinded him. There was an ideal in his soul, the least approach to which was more satisfactory than the most eloquent panegyric. He had ever in view a goal of excellence that grew more distant as he approached. To the dexterity of the artist he united the aspirations of the poet. With a rare sensibility to pleasure, he combined an ardent love of truth. The law of progress is the charter of such a man, and faith in the unattained a ceaseless inspiration. The details of the career of an artist like this, fade before the harmonious influence of the man. The interest of his character renders the mere events of his life comparatively unattractive. His writings and pictures, by not a few indi-

viduals, are less cherished tokens of his existence than the impulse his communion gave to their minds, or the earnestness of aim his precepts and example awakened in their hearts. It is still a question what form of intellectual sway is most desirable. The press in modern times often exercises greater power than the pulpit, and the silent eloquence of art sometimes grows tame before the almost inspired words of genius. The colloquial gifts of Allston were not the least remarkable of his endowments. What he had seen and felt—the truth gained by long wrestling with reality—the perception born of intercourse with the grandeur of the universe—the love created by fond relations with the beautiful—the dramatic incident, the moral impression, the glorious faith; all that life and nature, society and thought had revealed to that wise and feeling soul, came forth, at the genial hour, from his lips, full of vitality and grace. His ready sympathy with the humblest brother in art, and the unconscious fertility of his conversation, rendered his society a source of improvement and pleasure such as it is the lot of few men to afford, and now memorable and endeared by the heritage of his fame.

A visit to Italy is perhaps more of an epoch in the life of an American artist than in that of any other. The contrast between the new and old civilization, the diversity in modes of life, and especially the more kindling associations which the enchantment of distance and long anticipation occasion, make his sojourn there an episode in life. The education and ideality of Allston rendered

these influences peculiarly operative, and, accordingly, he was wont to revert to this period of his life with great interest. While in Rome he was the daily companion of Coleridge, and their intercourse was the subject of delightful reminiscence to both ever after. We may easily imagine the "feast of reason" they enjoyed at sunset on the Pincian—in the calm grandeur of St. Peters—upon the deserted area of the Colisseum, and amid the silent company that peoples with beauty the long corridors of the Vatican. What an infinity of subjects must there have been suggested! The universality of the religious instinct; the philosophy of art; the destiny of man; the progress of freedom; the laws of beauty; the immortality of the soul—these and kindred themes rise, as it were, spontaneously as one wanders over the wrecks of empires. The road once strewn with flowers to greet the coronation of Laura's bard—the convent where Tasso died—the cupola that Michael Angelo hung in air—the ivy-grown walls of Cæsar's palace—how must they have inspired in such men, deep colloquies over time and eternity! Nor less to spirits of such poetic mould did the emblems of the beautiful appeal. Angelic features beaming from mouldering frescos—the iris hovering over the fountain—the gay weed flaunting above the temple's broken floor—the deep blue sky and violet haze resting upon the distant mountain, a Magdalen's golden hair or Madonna's patient smile, and the soul-parted lips of the Apollo, were endless sources of grateful comment and sympathetic admiration. The Alps yielded yet another memorable

lesson to the painter's heart, and the choicest society of England ministered to his expanding intellect, while every where and always, the beautiful in nature caught his eye, and the attractive in humanity won his love.

We have frequently alluded to the relation existing between color and language as a medium of expression. Allston exemplified their affinity in his productions. The fluency and aptitude of his conversation has been already noticed, and his literary productions display the same traits. Had he given equal attention to writing as to painting, his success in the former would doubtless have been eminent. "Monaldi," a tale, numerous letters, and a few poems—all the offspring of occasional respite from the pursuit of art—are distinguished for graphic power, deep insight, and a tasteful style. In the tale, particularly, there are many passages wherein the painter reveals himself in a very pleasing way. The local descriptions and dialogues on art, indicate how much reflection he had bestowed upon his vocation. No slight acquaintance with the development of human passion and sentiment is evinced in the characters. His heroine reminds us irresistibly of his happiest female creations, overflowing with the spiritual warmth of his coloring and an ideal loveliness of expression. His sonnets are interesting as records of personal feeling. They eloquently breathe sentiments of intelligent admiration or sincere friendship; while the longer poems show a great command of language and an exuberant fancy.

On his return to America, the life of our illustrious painter was one of comparative seclusion. The state of his health, devotion to his art, and a distaste for promiscuous society and the bustle of the world, rendered this course the most judicious he could have pursued. His humble retirement was occasionally invaded by foreigners of distinction, to whom his name had become precious ; and sometimes a votary of letters or art entered his dwelling, to gratify admiration or seek counsel and encouragement. To such, an unaffected and sincere welcome was always given, and they left his presence refreshed and happy. The instances of timely sympathy which he afforded young and baffled aspirants, are innumerable.

Allston's appearance and manners accorded perfectly with his character. His form was slight and his movements quietly active. The lines of his countenance, the breadth of the brow, the large and speaking eye, and the long white hair, made him an immediate object of interest. If not engaged in conversation, there was a serene abstraction in his air. When death so tranquilly overtook him, for many hours it was difficult to believe that he was not sleeping, so perfectly did the usual expression remain. His torch-light burial at Mount Auburn harmonized, in its beautiful solemnity, with the lofty and sweet tenor of his life.

ON THE DEATH OF ALLSTON.

The element of beauty which in thee
Was a prevailing spirit, pure and high,
And from all guile had made thy being free,
Now seems to whisper thou canst never die !
For Nature's priests we shed no idle tear,
Their mantles on a noble lineage fall ;
Though thy white locks at length have pressed the bier,
Death could not fold thee in Oblivion's pall :
Majestic forms thy hand in grace arrayed,
Eternal watch shall keep beside thy tomb,
And hues aerial that thy pencil stayed,
Its shades with Heaven's radiance illumine ;
Art's meek apostle, holy is thy sway,
From the heart's records ne'er to pass away !

MALBONE.

OF late years few places of summer resort in the country, have proved more attractive than Newport, R. I., and its natural scenery and climate amply justify the preference which fashion has accorded. English visitors find something in the air like that of the Isle of Wight, and its saline humidity, besides refreshing the languid frame in the sultry months, proves singularly efficacious to a large class of invalids, and has so favorable an influence upon the complexion that the place has been long celebrated for the beauty of its women. The sportsman and lover of the picturesque find there more than ordinary gratification. The latter cannot fail to remember with pleasure the scene presented on fine summer evenings at those favorite spots, named "Purgatory," "Paradise," and especially the "Glen." The deep valley so called is as sweet a bit of inland scenery in its way, as the country affords. In the afternoon, when the lateral sunshine plays through the surrounding foliage, the old mill and clear stream form an admirable study for the landscape painter. A foreign artist, who allowed us a short time since to in-

spect the contents of his portfolio, confirmed these impressions by the number of beautiful sketches of cliffs, inlets, and ledges of rock which he had gleaned in the vicinity as material for compositions. Nor is Newport destitute of interesting associations. Berkeley sojourned there a century ago; and it was there that George Fox challenged Roger Williams to meet him and discuss their respective tenets. The ancient tower, about which so much speculative wisdom has been exercised, now lives in the polished numbers of Longfellow, having suggested the theme of his best poem. A synagogue and cemetery, that are kept in perfect order, according to the testamentary provision of a wealthy Israelite, though utterly abandoned, are striking memorials of the now extinct band of Jews who once lived and worshipped there; while a granite shaft rising from amid the funereal tablets of many generations in the old burying-ground, indicates to the stranger where the remains of the gallant Perry repose.

It is easy to imagine how desirable a residence the town must have been to a man of contemplative habits, before the capricious tide of fashion disturbed its wonted quietude. Like many places on our eastern border, it became prosperous at the time commerce with the West Indies was at its height, and with the decay of that profitable branch of traffic its activity decreased, and a sort of sleepy-hollow tranquillity settled upon the inhabitants. Perhaps the great charm of Newport is its famous beach. To watch the waves when lashed into fury by the storm, or as they come only to break into gay sparkles upon the

warm sands, is a pastime of which no lover of the beautiful can weary. The briny coolness of the air, and the deep monotone of the lapsing waters, have in them something impressive to the most thoughtless. Dr. Channing, in his beautiful address at the dedication of a church in Newport, attributes the most salutary impressions of his early life to meditations on this very spot. The best hours of his youth were those passed in the solitude of the Redwood Library, where sometimes for whole days his reading was uninterrupted by a single visitor ; and the musings in which he indulged in his lonely walks along the strand. At the distance of many years he thus vividly recalls his communion with the mysteries of nature. The symphonies of the everlasting sea, as they rose upon his youthful ear, dwelt like a perpetual anthem in his soul, and essentially sustained its consistent elevation. Another child of genius haunted this shore, whose fame was recalled during the last summer, by the circumstance of one of its trophies being offered for sale. Few works of art of the kind have enjoyed so wide a reputation as Malbone's "Hours," and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to behold it, when it was announced in Newport, that the gem would be raffled for. We are happy to record the fact that the successful competitor proved to be one of the artist's family, to whom it is endeared by the most tender remembrances, and whom necessity alone compelled to part with it. Thus they realized a handsome sum, and still retained the precious legacy. This lovely work was executed by

Malbone during his studious visit to London. It represents the Hours in the shape of three beautiful females in the act of moving in a circle, the one in front being the Present, and her companions, the Past and Future. The grace of the design it is not easy to describe. The sweet expression of the faces and the delicacy of the coloring are inimitable. A more charming emblem of Time we have never seen, excepting Guido's celebrated picture. Instead of a grim old man with a scythe, we have three fair girls. They are emphatically the "rosy hours," such as poetry chronicles and love inspires, redolent of hope and overflowing with promise. It was impossible to dwell upon the work, and trace the eloquent traits of a sensitive and gifted mind, without reverting to the brief yet memorable life of him who haunted the adjacent beach while a child, in search of colored pebbles, from which to paint and design little pictures to hang round the necks of the prettiest girls in school. In later years, Malbone made frequent excursions in the neighborhood with his friend Allston, who has left the warmest testimony to his generosity and intelligence. His predilection for art was at first discouraged at home, and there was certainly but little around him to suggest any method of imitating the visible beauty so familiar to his childhood. He received the hint at last from the scenic effects of a theatre. These excited his boyish curiosity, and when the process was discovered, he found no difficulty in crudely trying an experiment for himself. The result was, that the intervals of his school occupations were de-

voted to scene-painting, to the great advantage of the manager, the wonder of his relatives, and his own perfect delight. This was a singular introduction to the department of art in which he was chiefly gifted. The broadest effects obtained by the coarsest expedients, would seem but an inadequate initiation to the delicate touches of miniature, and practice in wielding the whitewash brush, one would suppose, might unfit the hand for a camel's hair pencil. Malbone appears, however, to have passed from one to the other with wonderful facility ; for while yet a youth, finding no scope in his native town, he went to Providence, and in a brief period, took his family by surprise in achieving quite a local reputation as a miniature painter. Of his ultimate success in the art he had never felt the slightest distrust, confidently predicting to his jeering companions, from the first, his own future eminence. From this period it was pursued with consistent ardor and steadily progressive success. Malbone possessed a beautiful equanimity of soul, and manners of rare amenity. In the cultivated society of Charleston he found immediate recognition and sympathy, and in all the principal cities of his native land, are scattered the cherished tokens of his genial labors, associated with the most pleasing memories of his gentle and wise companionship.

In the department of art he selected, excellence is comparatively rare and mediocrity insufferable. Malbone has best illustrated it in this country, and the most judicious critics abroad and at home, unite in awarding the palm to his mature labors. His social tendencies never

interfered with the assiduous exercise of his vocation, nor did success for a moment blind him to the claims of affection or the behests of duty. He was a discriminating cultivator of music and poetry. Sedentary life early deranged the springs of a naturally elastic constitution, and when he at length yielded his fascinating pursuit, and returned to the scenes of his boyhood, to idle away the summer in recruiting his exhausted strength, it proved too late. A southern climate was recommended, and he embarked for Jamaica. As all hope of recovery vanished, the desire to realize the eastern benediction and die among his kindred, grew strong, and he rallied his feeble energies for a homeward voyage, but died in May, 1807, at the age of thirty-two, after reaching Savannah, two days after his passage had been taken for the north.

There is no more common error than to estimate literature and art by the tangible space they fill. The point to which genuine taste is legitimately directed is quality. The world has had quite sufficient of merely voluminous authors and artists whose chief merit is their elaborate designs. A few masterly lyrics, the offspring of a felicitous and perhaps never-recurring mood, float upon the daily tide of life, while hundreds of ponderous epics are moored in stagnant obscurity. There are brief yet significant melodies that haunt the memory after every trace of long scientific compositions has vanished. A scimeter may do as much execution as a battle-axe. "Some poet has said that "gentleness is power;" the same is true of refinement in art. It is the peculiar charm of miniatures

that they are usually sacred to affection, treasured in the casket, and not exposed on the wall. If as trophies of art they are less widely known, they are more deeply cherished. When wrought with great delicacy and truth, they are invaluable, and may be as characteristic as more ostentatious productions. What a perfect lyric is in poetry, the miniature is in painting. The unity of the design and the complete and exquisite finish of the execution, make it as truly the offspring of genius. It is art concentrated and etherealized; and when hallowed by the associations of love, the witness of secret tears, the talisman that opens the floodgates of memory or kindles the torch of hope, a miniature is often the one priceless gem among the jewels of fortune.

V A N D E R L Y N .

THE results of all professional toil should be judged according as they spring from necessity or will. It is one thing to write or paint in order to meet a passing exigency, and quite another spontaneously to give "a local habitation and a name" to thought and feeling, that crave utterance for their own sake. Hence in all worthy criticism, it is absolutely necessary to discriminate between these two species of labor. In literature, the demands of occasion, however cleverly supplied, afford no scope to the man of genius. Compare a review of Sydney Smith's with his sermons, a lyric of Campbell's with one of his biographies, or a letter of Walpole's with his romance. In the fine arts also, there are certain expedients to which the needs of the moment compel a resort; and they inspire so little interest, that the artist seldom does himself any justice in the premises. It is on this account that almost every gifted devotee of liberal pursuits, deliberately selects certain themes to unfold in the spirit of individuality and love, and consecrates his better moments to a few enterprises which enlist his best powers, and afford per-

manent trophies of renown. Thus Dante conceived his immortal epic ; and Collins his classic ode.

A course like this is indispensable for the American artist. The call for masterpieces in the more elevated branches of painting and sculpture, is altogether too casual to afford the means of subsistence, even to the most patient industry. Recourse must be had to designing and portraiture, and only the intervals of such labor given to more exalted aims. If this be done with zeal and intelligence, enough may be accomplished to secure a heritage of fame, and yield the blissful consciousness of true success. Creations thus wrought out, apart from the mechanical routine of professional life, the offspring of lofty ambition and lonely self-devotion, have the life and soul of their authors in them, redeem their misfortunes, and perpetuate their names.

Such are the Marius and Ariadne of Vanderlyn. It would be difficult to imagine two single figures more unlike in the impression they convey, or indicating greater versatility of genius. The one embodies the Roman character in its grandest phase, that of endurance ; and suggests its noblest association, that of patriotism. It is a type of manhood in its serious, resisting energy and indomitable courage, triumphant over thwarted ambition,—a stern, heroic figure, self-sustained and calm, seated in meditation amid prostrate columns which symbolize his fallen fortunes, and an outward solitude which reflects the desolation of his exile ; the other an ideal of female beauty reposing upon the luxury of its own sensations,

lost in a radiant sleep, and yielding with child-like self-abandonment to dreams of love :

How like a vision of pure love she seems !

Her cheek just flushed with innocent repose,
That folds her thoughts up in delicious dreams,

Like dew-drops in the chalice of a rose ;
Pillowed upon her arm and raven hair,

How archly rests that bright and peaceful brow ;
Its rounded pearl defiance bids to care,

While kisses on the lips seem melting now :
Prone in unconscious loveliness she lies,

And leaves around her delicately sway ;
Veiled is the splendor of her beaming eyes,

But o'er the limbs bewitching graces play :
Ere into Eden's groves the serpent crept,
Thus Eve within her leafy arbor slept !

Vanderlyn is a native of Kingston, N. Y., and his early predilection for art was confirmed after removing to the metropolis, by familiarity with the engravings collected in the warehouse of a friend. After three years devoted to the rudiments of his profession under a competent teacher, he executed several portraits of distinguished Americans. It is a striking coincidence, that among those who first appreciated his talents, and encouraged their development, were two individuals, remembered for very different qualities, but alike in possessing the insight and the sympathy which readily makes fellowship with genius,—the author of *Hasty Pudding* and the *Columbiad*, and the subtle lawyer and ambitious politician,—Joel Bar-

low and Aaron Burr. Many years of Vanderlyn's life have been passed abroad. Paris has been his favorite residence ; and his last work was there executed for one of the panels of the Capitol. It represents the "Landing of Columbus," and though excellent in parts, is a respectable, rather than a great picture.

There is what may be called a physiognomy in cities. Viewed from an eminence, the manner in which the houses cluster, and the streets diverge, the architecture of the towers which rise above the dense and monotonous buildings, the kind of country which surrounds, and sky which canopies the scene, are so many distinctive features which mark the picture. It is a pleasant thing to note observantly renowned sites in this expansive way. By so doing the memory is stored with impressive images, and possessed with what may be called the natural language of an interesting locality. In looking, for instance, from the top of the Capitol upon Rome, the time-worn monuments immediately below, and the range of broken aqueducts spanning the far Campagna, instantly revive the associations of ancient Rome ; the lines of cypresses and firs that spring at intervals from palace and convent gardens, awaken Christian memories ; while the adjacent domes and houses assure the spectator that he is surrounded by modern civilization. Thus simultaneously he realizes the poetry of the scene, which, explored in detail, yielded food for curiosity, rather than sublime emotion. The prospect from the campanile of Venice also brings into effective contrast, the sea espoused in the

day of her prosperity, and associated with all her glory, the radiant heavens and transparent atmosphere which taught Veronese and Titian the mysteries of color, and the oriental style of architecture, the most expressive trophy of her eastern triumphs. The verdant hills which embosom Florence, and the boundless plains which stretch in all directions around Milan, as seen from the cathedral, are features which eloquently illustrate the history of each, and whether alive with soldiery to the imagination, or green with luxuriant vegetation to the eye, are requisite to fill out the landscape for both.

These scenic enjoyments have been widely disseminated by modern art, and panoramas of the famous cities and scenery of the world render them familiar to untravelled multitudes. The accuracy and illusions of these experiments are sometimes marvellous. We remember, several years since, at Paris, to have gazed upon a panorama of the Alps, for a long time, beneath which some goats were browsing on the line, as it were, of the rich valley over which the mountain pinnacles towered in the most perfect aerial perspective—in the vain attempt to distinguish the point of separation between the real and the portrayed. As exhibition works, panoramas are very desirable. They afford satisfactory though general ideas, gratify intelligent curiosity, and appeal most vividly to the imagination. It is not surprising that those of Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome, attracted such crowds both here and abroad. When artistically designed, they are invaluable aids to the student

of geography, and a source of infinite delight to the enthusiast for hallowed regions, which it is not in his power to visit. After having received the Napoleon gold medal for his *Marius*, at Paris, Vanderlyn conceived the idea of availing himself of the existent taste for panoramic exhibitions, by executing one on a grand scale, of the celebrated residence of the French Kings. He accordingly employed several months at Versailles in preparing the necessary sketches, and after the peace of 1815, returned with them to America. The result was satisfactory to such a degree, that he formed a project for an institution in New-York, devoted to this and similar objects; and views of Paris, Athens, Mexico, and Geneva, as well as three modern battle pieces, were successively exhibited at the Rotunda, a building which the artist erected in conjunction with the city government. Like most alliances between men of totally diverse aims and feelings—this partnership was disastrous, especially as regards the artist; who lived to see the structure he had dedicated to the fine arts, transformed into a criminal court. It would be a needless exercise of patience to enumerate the series of mortifying controversies and pecuniary troubles growing out of this unfortunate enterprise. Devoted to his art, and full of the sympathies inspired by the recognition he had enjoyed in Europe, the painter of *Marius* and *Ariadne* was made to realize in a painful manner, the antagonism between an essentially practical community and the spirit of trade and artistic enthusiasm. “A sense of impossibility quenches all will,”

says an acute writer. Vanderlyn does not seem to have been fully aware, until sad experience forced the conviction upon his mind, that the stage of civilization, the history of the republic, and inevitable circumstances rendered it quite impossible for the cause of Art to find its just position, and the practical acknowledgment of its claims, at the period when he urged them upon his fellow-citizens. Utility, the basis of national growth, still demanded an exclusive regard; the time had scarcely arrived when the superstructure of the beautiful could be reared. Meantime, the political advantages, mechanical genius, and commercial activity of the United States were the source of universal wonder and congratulation. Yet we can easily forgive the ardent votary of a noble art, after successful competition for its highest foreign honors, for yielding to a feeling of disappointment, bitter in proportion to his natural sensitiveness, at the indifference and calculation against which he so vainly strove in the land of his nativity. This distrust was increased by the charge of indelicacy somewhat grossly urged against his works, by ignorant prudery, which, destitute of the soul to perceive the essential beauty of the creator's masterpieces, has yet the hardihood to impugn the motives of genius, and desecrate by vulgar comments, the most beautiful evidences of its truth.

MORSE.

WHEN Allston was painting his "Dead Man restored to Life," in London, he first modeled the figure in clay, and explained to Morse, who was then his pupil, the advantages resulting from a plan so frequently adopted by the old masters. His young countryman was at this time meditating his first composition—a dying Hercules—and proceeded at once to act upon this suggestion. Having prepared a model that exhibited the upper part of the body—which alone would be visible in the picture—he submitted it to Allston, who recognized so much truth in the anatomy and expression, that he urgently advised its completion. After six weeks, by careful labor, the statue was finished, and sent to West for inspection. That venerable artist, upon entering the room, put on his spectacles, and as he walked around the model, carefully examining its details and general effect, a look of genuine satisfaction beamed from his face. He rang for an attendant and bade him call his son. "Look here, Raphael," he exclaimed, as the latter appeared; "did I not always tell you that every painter could be a sculptor?" We

may imagine the delight of the student at such commendation. The same day one of his fellow-pupils called his attention to a notice issued by the Adelphi Society of Arts, offering a prize for the best single figure to be modeled and sent to the rooms of the association within a certain period. The time fixed would expire in three days. Morse profited by the occasion, and placed his dying Hercules with the thirteen other specimens already entered. He was consequently invited to the meeting of the society on the evening when the decision was to be announced; and received from the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, the presiding officer, and in the presence of the foreign ambassadors, the gold medal. Perhaps no American ever started in the career of an artist under more flattering auspices; and we cannot wonder that a beginning so successful encouraged the young painter to devote himself assiduously to study, with a view of returning to his own country fully prepared to illustrate the historical department of the art.

An illustrious aspirant had been assured, but a few years previous, when he announced a similar purpose to the President of the Royal Academy, that he had come a great way to learn how to starve. Indeed, so limited was the number of individuals who at that period felt any true interest in the fine arts on this side of the Atlantic, and so completely were the energies of our young nation absorbed in trade and politics, that an enterprise like that which unfolded itself to the sanguine hopes of Morse, might well be deemed chimerical. But he was then

breathing an atmosphere of sympathy; he enjoyed the friendship and instruction of men distinguished for their knowledge and ability, and who had reached in England, the eminence at which he aimed. His application was not, therefore, chilled by any painful doubts of future success, might he but live to prove himself worthy of the high service to which he thus earnestly dedicated his life.

A striking evidence of the waywardness of destiny is afforded by the experience of this artist, if we pass at once from this early and hopeful moment to a very recent incident. He then aimed at renown through devotion to the beautiful, but it would seem as if the genius of his country, in spite of himself, led him to this object, by the less flowery path of utility. He desired to identify his name with art, but it has become far more widely associated with science. A series of bitter disappointments obliged him to "coin his mind for bread"—for a long period, by exclusive attention to portrait painting—although, at rare intervals, he accomplished something more satisfactory. More than twelve years since, on a voyage from Europe, in a conversation with his fellow-passengers, the theme of discourse happened to be the electro-magnet; and one gentleman present related some experiments he had lately witnessed at Paris, which proved the almost incalculable rapidity of movement with which electricity was disseminated. The idea suggested itself to the active mind of the artist that this wonderful and but partially explored agent, might be rendered subservient to that system of intercommunication

which had become so important a principle of modern civilization. He brooded over the subject as he walked the deck or lay wakeful in his berth, and by the time he arrived at New-York, had so far matured his invention as to have decided upon a telegraph of signs which is essentially that now in use. After having sufficiently demonstrated his discovery to the scientific, a long period of toil, anxiety and suspense intervened before he obtained the requisite facilities for the establishment of the Magnetic Telegraph. It is now in daily operation in the United States, and its superiority over all similar inventions abroad, has just been confirmed by the testimony of Arago and the appropriation made for its erection by the French government. By one of those coincidences, which would be thought appropriate for romance, but which are more common, in fact, than the unobservant are disposed to confess, these two most brilliant events in the painter's life—his first successful work of art and the triumph of his scientific discovery—were brought together, as it were, in a manner singularly fitted to impress the imagination. Six copies of his dying Hercules had been made in London, and the mould was then destroyed. Four of these were distributed by the artist to academies, one he retained, and the last was given to Mr. Bulfinch, the architect of the Capitol—who was engaged at the time upon that building. After the lapse of many years, an accident ruined Morse's own copy, and a similar fate had overtaken the others, at least in America. After vain endeavors to regain one of these trophies of his youthful career, he

at length despaired of seeing again what could not fail to be endeared to his memory by the most interesting associations. One day, not many months since, he was superintending the preparations for the first establishment of his telegraph, in the room assigned at the Capitol. His perseverance and self-denying labor had at length met its just reward, and he was taking the first active step to obtain a substantial benefit from his invention. It became necessary in locating the wires, to descend into a vault beneath the apartment, which had not been opened for a long period. A man preceded the artist with a lamp. As they passed along the subterranean chamber, the latter's attention was excited by something white glimmering through the darkness. In approaching the object, what was his surprise to find himself gazing upon his long-lost Hercules, which he had not seen for twenty years. A little reflection explained the apparent miracle. This was undoubtedly the copy given to his deceased friend, the architect, and deposited in the vault for safety.

Those who are fond of localities attractive from having been the abodes of men whose names are enrolled on the scroll of human benefactors, should not pass with indifference No. 8 Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square. It has been the residence of successive American painters for thirty years, and not long since the landlady preserved on the walls, the portraits of Leslie and Morse. The friendship of these two painters is interesting, and helps to brighten the golden link which associates the

name of the latter with the first dawn of Art in this republic—a period which we trust will one day have an importance in critical history, from the glory we are confident our nation will yet shed upon this sphere of culture. Morse went abroad under the care of Allston, and was the pupil of West and Copley. Hence he is naturally regarded by a later generation as the connecting bond that unites the present and the past in the brief annals of our artist-history. But his claim to such a recognition does not lie altogether in the fact that he was a pioneer; it has been worthily evidenced by his constant devotion to the great cause itself. Younger artists speak of him with affection and respect, because he has ever been zealous in the promotion of a taste for and a study of the fine arts. Having entered the field at too early a period to realize the promise of his youth, and driven by circumstances from the high aims he cherished, misanthropy was never suffered to grow out of personal disappointment. He gazed reverently upon the goal it was not permitted him to reach; and ardently encouraged the spirit which he felt was only to be developed, when wealth and leisure had given his countrymen opportunities to cultivate those tastes upon the prevalence of which the advancement of his favorite pursuit depends. When, after the failure of one of his elaborate projects, he resolved to establish himself in New-York, he was grieved to find that many petty dissensions kept the artists from each other. He made it his business to heal these wounds and reconcile the animosities that thus re-

tarded the progress of their common object. He sought out and won the confidence of his isolated brothers, and one evening invited them all to his room, ostensibly to eat strawberries and cream, but really to beguile them into something like agreeable intercourse. He had experienced the good effect of a drawing club at Charleston, where many of the members were amateurs ; and on the occasion referred to, covered his table with prints, and scattered inviting casts around the apartment. A very pleasant evening was the result ; a mutual understanding was established, and weekly meetings unanimously agreed upon. This auspicious gathering was the germ of the National Academy of Design, of which Morse became the first president, and before which he delivered the first course of lectures on the Fine Arts ever given in this country. The question as to the comparative utility of associations of patrons and artists, has been discussed and tested by experiment sufficiently to satisfy every reasonable mind of the vast superiority of institutions managed by those best informed and most interested in any great public object. The prejudice and selfish motives which were brought to bear upon the new society, failed in the end, as they deservedly should. It would be an useless and ungrateful task to repeat the details of the controversy. Morse was in a great measure sacrificed by the prominent part he took in these transactions ; but the Academy has flourished and is yet achieving its work bravely, while the artists look upon their champion with pride and sympathy. This was clearly exhibited by

their voluntary and fraternal attempt to console him for the marked neglect of his claims, when the original selection was made of painters to fill the vacant panels of the rotunda at Washington. Together with other friends, they formed an association and gave Morse a commission to execute the painting. Owing to the non-payment of a portion of the instalments, and to the injudicious plan of the artist to carry out his design on too grand and expensive a scale, and his consequent pecuniary embarrassment, he was obliged to abandon the attempt. By a course of rigid and patient economy, highly creditable to his integrity, he gradually refunded to each subscriber the sum advanced, with appropriate expressions of gratitude for the liberal intention; and was thus eminently true to himself, in resolutely and at great personal sacrifice, emancipating himself from the degrading consciousness of pecuniary obligation.

After four years of study in Europe, Morse had returned to the United States from lack of means to carry on his education abroad. Although he then deemed himself by no means a proficient, he hoped, while pursuing the course of improvement so auspiciously commenced, to obtain, at home, such employment in the higher branches of his profession as would give some adequate scope to his powers. In Boston, however, although he was flattered enough by social consideration, he received no orders, and was obliged, from sheer necessity, to travel through New England and execute portraits at fifteen dollars each, and finally to set up his easel at Charleston,

S. C., where he continued this employment for several years—emulating, however, the more artistic styles of portraiture with ample success and honor. To keep up his practice in composition, he often carried his heads to the north, where he passed every summer with his family, and there transferred them to larger canvas—introducing rich costume or tasteful accessories into his full lengths, so that many of them did justice to his general ability as a painter. Stuart happened to see one of these, representing a young girl standing amid the ruins of an abbey beside a fawn. The conception and execution delighted him, and his praise spread its reputation so widely, that Morse was obliged to furnish several copies.

There is a Convent of Capuchins at Rome, which is visited by strangers on account of a very old fresco, representing Christ walking on the waves, and an excellent Mosaic copy of Guido's Michael triumphing over Satan, that adorn the walls. Those who have a taste for horrors, also view the cemetery beneath fantastically ornamented with the bones of deceased friars. But to the artist the church is memorable for the fine arrangement of light, and the simple yet effective perspective. On this account the interior is often sketched and painted, and when a few bearded monks of the order are judiciously placed about the altar and in the aisles, the scene becomes quite impressive, and the ocular illusion very pleasing. A French artist exhibited such a representation of this convent in the United States, and it attracted an extraordinary degree of attention. Morse had painted,

when abroad, a similar picture of the Louvre, including the principal works of art in that famous gallery—in miniature, but faithful copies—and it was one of his most successful and interesting works. The idea naturally suggested itself to take advantage of the evident taste recently manifested for this species of painting. He had laid by sufficient to enable him to give the necessary time to the experiment, and selected for his subject the interior of the House of Representatives of the United States. It might have been reasonably anticipated that so national a theme, if treated with any success, would be popular. The picture cost nearly two years' severe labor, and was attended with considerable expense. When exhibited, however—from what cause does not appear—it brought little profit to the artist, and he soon rolled up the huge canvas in disgust. When sent to England, several political characters and men of taste among the nobility, expressed great admiration of the work, and were much interested in the portraits introduced, which were very cleverly arranged and perfectly authentic. After this signal disappointment, Morse determined to visit Mexico, as an *attaché* to the American Legation; and it might prove a curious speculation to imagine what destiny his active disposition would have achieved in that fertile and unhappy country, had the design been carried into execution; but after having made all needful preparations, taken leave of his family, and even embarked his stores, the minister was suddenly recalled almost ere his journey had begun, and the art-

ist returned home and eventually abandoned the plan. In 1822-3, Morse was greatly encouraged in his pursuits by the friendly exertions of the poet Hillhouse, and received a public commission to paint a portrait of Lafayette, then on a visit to this country. Few pictures have ever been executed under more painful circumstances. He was called away from his delightful task to attend the death-beds of his wife and parent, and watch over the illness of his children. But through bereavement and "hope deferred," Morse has struggled manfully onward, loyal to his own convictions and the claims of his profession. He never believed that any thing really great or desirable could be attained save through obstacles. Courage and patience have been his watchwords; and although the snows of time have bleached his hair, the same intelligent and enterprising spirit, the same urbane disposition that endeared him to the friends of his youth, still cause all who know him to rejoice in the prospect of an honorable independence which the recent invention has secured to his age.

DURAND.

WHOEVER has sailed across one of our immense lakes—the inland seas of this vast continent—at the close of a day when summer was verging into autumn, and the keen wind swept over the broad waters as they glowed with crimson or saffron in the magnificent sunset, cannot easily forget a scene unequaled in any part of the world. The expanse of water spreading to the horizon, seems kindled into transparency by the warm and deepening hues as they flash unobstructed upon the waves; as twilight comes on, the view grows sublime, and when the vivid tints gradually vanish in darkness, a deep and almost sacred impression is left upon the mind. Durand gives, in one of his landscapes called a “Lake Scene,” a remarkably happy idea of a prospect like this. We know not where his view is located, but if we had encountered it in any gallery abroad, we should have instantly recognized one of the most characteristic phases of nature in America. It is in musing upon subjects of this kind—upon the remarkable natural features of our native land—that we realize what a grand field is here

presented to the landscape painter, and a feeling of impatience steals over us that comparatively so little has been accomplished. The inferiority of the old masters in this department of art is generally acknowledged. While Claude's skies and the dexterous management of Salvator's pictures continue to retain the admiration they have ever excited, numerous modern artists are distinguished by a feeling for nature which has made landscape, instead of mere imitation, a vehicle of great moral impressions. As modern poets have struck latent chords in the heart from a deeper sympathy with humanity, recent limners have depicted scenes of natural beauty, not so much in the spirit of copyists as in that of lovers and worshipers; and accordingly, however unsurpassed the older painters are in historical, they are now confessedly outvied in landscape. And where should this kind of painting advance if not in this country? Our scenery is the great object which attracts foreign tourists to our shores. No blind adherence to authority here checks the hand or chills the heart of the artist. It is only requisite to possess the technical skill, to be versed in the alphabet of painting, and then under the inspiration of a genuine love of nature "to hold communion with her visible forms," in order to achieve signal triumphs in landscape, from the varied material so lavishly displayed in our mountains, rivers, lakes, and forests—each possessing characteristic traits of beauty, and all cast in a grander mould and wearing a fresher aspect than in any other civilized land. Among those who have turned their

attention in the right spirit to this subject and given happy illustrations of its fertility, Durand occupies a prominent rank.

Engraving is said to have originated with the goldsmiths, who, in tracing designs upon their wares, unconsciously suggested the method of reproducing pictures which has since been carried to such marvellous perfection. We readily understand, therefore, how natural was Durand's initiation as an artist, when informed that his father was a watchmaker. Cellini inscribed many an exquisite chalice with the same hand that moulded the Perseus ; and if facility in mechanical processes and a gradual progress from the humble to the lofty spheres of art be a desirable education for a painter, the early circumstances of Durand formed no inadequate basis for his ultimate success. It is a favorite notion that great results are best attained by what is vaguely called inspiration, and in many minds genius and industry are antagonist principles. The history of art proves that the highest endowments are unavailing unless sustained by proportionate acquirements. It is interesting to trace the gradual advancement of Durand by virtue of patient study. There is a moral as well as an intellectual element in every artist, and that of Durand is integrity of purpose. He has been a thoroughly conscientious workman, constantly seeking through experiment to reach the highest attainable point of practical skill. He never received any regular instruction in drawing, although at a very early age he scratched some clever devices on a

powder-horn ; but when the engraver to whom he was apprenticed, first placed a small head before him to copy, he accomplished the task altogether through imitation, and without any knowledge of rules. His effects have been produced through repeated attempts rather than from theoretical ability. His natural perceptions clearly enough made known to him what was to be done, but no academical studies revealed the shortest way to accomplish the end in view. Observation and perseverance have been his best teachers. We cannot but recognize a noble patience in such a career. Thus it is that many of our renowned men in letters and art have wrought their way to fame, unaided by public culture or tasteful sympathy ; and it argues a truth of character to triumph over difficulties by mere force of purpose, seldom called for under the agency of European institutions. Durand obtained the mastery of details and assiduous habits as an engraver, and after bearing away the palm of the art in this country, became distinguished as a landscape painter—thus reversing the course usual with our artists, who generally launch into the mysteries before they understand the elements of their profession. Durand was probably best known by his engraving of Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence." A higher interest seems to us to attach to his first serious effort, which was "Musidora." Unfortunately, the plate was nearly worn out by frequent correction, and but few effective impressions are in existence. They suffice, however, to herald very significantly Durand's after-reputation. His

object was to represent a nude female figure, modest in feeling, and simple in design. For this purpose he selected for illustration the lines from Thompson's Seasons,—

“——— with timid eye
Around surveying, stripped her beauteous limbs
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.”

The happy manner which charms us in some of the engravings that embellish English works of standard literature, published half a century ago, is visible in this conception. The artist finds some inaccuracies in the drawing, but he has cause still to regard with complacency so sweet a product of the burin. He has caught the gracefulness of the poet's conception, and exhibited the peculiar flesh-like effect for which his best engravings are so justly celebrated. We doubt if he felt quite as contented over his bank-note plates after having produced so artistic a work—for, although he was employed for years in copying portraits, especially those for Longacre's "National Gallery," we soon find him in Virginia, transferring to the canvas the venerable features of Madison, and gradually abandoning portrait for landscape. Indeed, the confined position incident to the life of an engraver, weakened too much a constitution never robust, and the free air which he breathed while exploring scenery, had become as requisite for health as a wider range for his mental development. Before abandoning his early sphere of labor, however, he placed the seal to

his merit in that department by his admirable engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne." It has been said that an engraver is to a painter what a translator is to an author. The inference is obvious that the original, especially if an ideal work, can never be worthily reproduced, unless its spirit is felt and its conception realized by him who would translate into a form for general circulation what could otherwise be only partially enjoyed. These exacting conditions were amply fulfilled in the present instance, and, as a natural consequence, no work of the kind is more justly celebrated.

Durand was born in Springfield, New Jersey. He was one of the original founders of the National Academy of Design, and is now its president. Perhaps we cannot more appropriately close this notice than with the following sketch of a visit to his rooms three or four years since :

Those fine old Roman heads!—who can forget them? For years have their possessors lived as models, drawing a more certain subsistence from the outside of their craniums than most authors do from their brains. The thick locks of 'sable silver,' the white flowing beards, the strongly marked sun-burnt faces and keen eyes—how venerable and prophet-like! What an absurd profession is that of a barber! The man who first proposed clipping and shaving had no sense of the beautiful. Look at that handsome brigand—how his embrowned visage is set off by the full, curving moustache! Razors are a vile invention. Not satisfied with arraying man in a way the best calculated to make him appear ridiculous,

deprived of every thing like a becoming costume, to the deformities of tail-coat and round hat, there must needs be added a gratuitous curtailment of 'nature's fair proportions.' We are infinitely obliged to artists for preserving such semblances of primitive, or if you please, uncivilized humanity. But we are forgetting Durand—one of those men who are living illustrations of the saying that 'modesty and merit always go together.' His landscapes are faultless. Scan ever so minutely that view of the Lake of Geneva, and it seems the mirror of reality. How perfect the aerial perspective! There is a singular tone about the atmosphere of the Swiss mountains. Allston has caught it in his 'Alpine Scenery.' It gives the idea of the neighborhood of snow, as the peculiar blue of the water indicates its birth from the melted ice of the hills. In this picture Durand has, with rare fidelity, represented this local characteristic. It is sufficient of itself to identify the scene. In his late visit to Europe, this unpretending and skillful artist has communed with the old masters, to good effect. Observe that girl with the parrot. Every detail is finished with a marvelous exactitude. It is perfectly Titian-like! What clearly-defined eyes, and yet how liquid! What round, palpable flesh! The complacent freshness of the south broods over every feature and glows in the sunny hair.

There is great individuality in Durand's trees. This is a very desirable characteristic for an artist who deals with American scenery. No country boasts more glorious sylvan monarchs; and not only in the shape and

hue of the foliage, the position of the branches and the indentation of the trunks, do they offer peculiar features, but each genus presents novel specimens eminently worthy of accurate portraiture. Some of the noblest elms in the world grace the villages of New England. The scarlet color of the maple in autumn is as brilliant a tint as the vegetable creation anywhere possesses. Here majestic willows turn their silver lining upward in the swaying breeze, and there the vivid emerald of the oak glistens in the sun. The delicate white blossom of the locust and the orange-berries of the ash float on a sea of verdure, and the firs on the mountain side, hold the snows in their evergreen boughs. A rich variety of magnificent forest trees have survived the demolition of the wilderness, and their felicitous introduction constitutes one of the most effective points in American landscape. One of Durand's recent pictures is admirable in this regard. In the foreground are two noble trees, a beech and a linden—the latter with a fine mossy trunk, and from beneath the shade of these woodland patriarchs the prospect is supposed to be visible. Down a dusty path a farmer is loitering behind his flock of sheep. A river, calm and lucent, slumbers in the midst of the scenery, and beyond are groves, meadows, and a village; a mountain range forms the back-ground. Such is the outline of the landscape, but its charm consists in the atmosphere. The artist has depicted to a miracle the brooding haze noticeable in our climate at the close of a sultry day during a drought. There are some verses of

Bryant's which convey in words a remarkably just impression of the scene thus depicted, and the coincidence of feeling in the poet and painter indicates how truly native is the composition of each.

“ The quiet August day has come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

“ And mark yon soft white clouds at rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng ;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

“ And now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.

“ Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

“ The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire, and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiseled from the lifeless rock.”

The details of the two pictures differ somewhat, it is true, but in spirit they are identical. It was a bright thought of the Sketch Club, (a small private society in New-York,) that each of its members should contribute

an illustration to Bryant's poems. We hope the design may yet be realized. Few American poems, for instance, are susceptible of finer illustration than the "Fountain." In the hands of a competent artist it would form a most graphic emblem of our civilization, from the primeval wilderness through the lives of savage, hunter, and settler, to the thriving homes of a populous and extensive city. The best hints towards the object in view were those suggested by the faithful pencil of Durand, whose eye for quiet scenery is correct and discerning. In color, too, whatever may be his natural perception, he evidently aims at harmony. This, to a discriminating observer, is no small praise. Nature so blends her tints as to produce a genial but not dazzling impression, which gratifies without disturbing the vision. A celebrated author, speaking of moral experiences, has observed that "the unconscious is the only true." An analogous fact pertains to the natural world, where every variety of hue is so admirably disposed as to contribute to a general and pleasing unity, so that we do not note each in our sympathy with all. Durand has not ventured on any very brilliant experiments in color; his tone is subdued.

W. E. WEST.

WHEN Scott was asked what he deemed the chief benefit derived from his literary reputation, he replied—the social privileges attending it. This is a striking illustration of the superior interest which truly gifted minds attach to character and genius. Nature is every where, and one of her genuine lovers has declared that a single blade of grass is amply suggestive; the machinery of life, too, varies but slightly, and the goods of fortune have but a limited relation to enjoyment; but the lovely and the wise, the prominent spirits in art and literature, in science and adventure, in natural endowment and generous culture, yield gratification at once to our highest curiosity and noblest affections. Those who are conscious, as the best natures ever are, of attaining satisfaction chiefly through their sympathies, may congratulate themselves if their profession, talents, or fame, if any grace of manner or of soul, has given them the golden key to this delightful intercourse. Such is one of the incidental blessings which redeems an artist's destiny, and especially that of a successful portrait painter. Reynolds

enjoyed the intimacy of the choicest spirits of his day, and Stuart's anecdotes are traditional on this side of the water. The relation between an artist and his sitter, the motives which exist in each for a pleasant self-development, and the mere opportunity afforded for mutual confidence, favor open and intelligent communion. Few strangers are brought together under circumstances better adapted for the display of character. We have known the deficiencies of an indifferent early training quite compensated in an artist, by the frequent and familiar contact with highly cultivated minds induced by his vocation. If the adventurous enter the army and navy for no other purpose than to see the world, an ardent humanitarian, with any chance of renown, might be forgiven for embracing this department of the fine arts in order to reap the social harvest it affords. The diary of a favorite portrait painter, written in the right vein, would be at least as attractive a chronicle of his times as that of an author or a physician. The scenes upon which our eyes have rested with admiration may fade from the memory; the physical sensations that have thrilled or agonized our frames may have left no conscious trace; the picture, the book or the song that enraptured our fancy may be recalled with but vague and light emotion—but the human being crowned by genius, loveliness, or moral beauty, whom we have once known, becomes a part of ourselves; the acquaintance is an epoch in our mental history, and the reminiscence ever fresh because associated with what is most endearing and satisfactory.

Some anecdotes of his artist-life that we gathered in a late conversation with Mr. West, agreeably revived these ideas. It was his custom, while engaged upon the portrait of Lord Byron, to leave Leghorn daily, soon after mid-day, for the poet's villa at Montenero, and apply himself to the picture for two or three hours. On one occasion while thus occupied, the servant announced Shelley, who was immediately invited to enter. At that time he was almost unknown to fame, and the painter observed him in a perfectly unexaggerated mood. We therefore listened with avidity to his first impressions. The day was sultry, and Shelley was clad in a loose dress of gingham, very simple and appropriate. His open collar, beardless face and long hair, as well as his thin and slight figure, gave him the appearance of a stripling. He advanced gracefully, raised the hand of Madame Guiccioli, after the custom of the country, to his lips, and assuming an easy posture, immediately entered into a lively conversation with the party. "Never," said the artist, "have I seen a face so expressive of ineffable goodness." Its angelic benignity and intelligence were only shadowed by a certain sadness, as of one upon whom life pressed keenly, at touching variance with the youth indicated by his contour and movements. Enthusiasm, however, soon wonderfully kindled his countenance and quickened his speech, as he described, in the most vivid and glowing terms, a cave that he had discovered while coasting along the Mediterranean the day previous. The description was so eloquent that his auditors could not but share the

delight of Shelley, as he dwelt upon the azure light, the mysterious entrance, the stalactites and transparent water, amid which his boat had suddenly glided as if by magic. Those acquainted with his poetry will recognize a favorite subject in this cavern-talk. What struck Mr. West most forcibly in Shelley's conversation, was its complete self-forgetfulness. His consciousness was lost in his theme. In this respect he presented an entire contrast to Byron. They were suddenly interrupted by a wild cry from the adjoining hall. The illustrious sitter hastened towards the door at the same moment with Shelley, the countess, pale and terrified, vainly entreating and holding him back. It will be remembered that Byron was at this period regarded with suspicion by the Tuscan government, and his residence had been threatened with violence by some of the local authorities to whom he had given offence. Under an idea that the disturbance grew out of these circumstances, the whole party entered the saloon. The instant they appeared, a man rushed past, followed by another with an uplifted dagger ; the weapon grazed Byron's cheek, and at the sight of blood, his companion, still more alarmed, strove to drag him toward the great staircase. Before reaching it, Count Gamba, who had heard the tumult in his chamber, was seen running down with half a score of pistols, which he distributed among the party. They all ascended and locked themselves in a room over the front entrance of the villa, where a council of war was held. Meantime the house had resumed its wonted stillness, and Byron expressed

his determination to explore the premises. The countess protested with tears against the design, and Mr. West—who as an American had nothing to fear from the police, and had lived too secluded to be an object of animosity—in order to calm the lady's fears and enable his friends to solve the mystery, volunteered to reconnoiter. Accordingly, he left the excited group and descended to the *primo piano*. It appeared entirely deserted. He looked into various rooms and threaded several corridors, but the echoes of a closing door or his own footsteps alone gave sign of life. At length he ventured to remove the fastenings of the ponderous door, which at the first alarm had been carefully barricaded. In the midst of the weed-grown area was kneeling a villainous-looking but evidently frightened Italian, with the moustaches and eye of a brigand, but the air of a penitent, vociferating, gesticulating, tearing his hair, shedding torrents of tears, and invoking either Heaven or some intermediate saint. Our painter stepped forth upon the gravel-walk and looked up to the window. At a more tranquil moment it would have charmed his artistic perception. Byron's pale brow, Count Gamba's ardent gaze, his sister's golden locks, and Shelley's spiritual form, were there all clustered together, and each looked and listened with bewildered attention to the suppliant wretch below, whom Mr. West now approached in the hope of obtaining some key to the enigmatical scene. It was long, however, before his impassioned volubility could be soothed, or his mortal terror quieted. It then appeared that he was a servant—the

man who had rushed by them with a dagger—and he vowed never to rise from his knees until his declaration was believed that he was in pursuit of one of his fellows who had grossly injured him, and that he had wounded his master quite accidentally, to whom he swore eternal loyalty and devoted attachment. When Mr. West made all this plain to the group at the window, the tragedy immediately became the richest of comic adventures over which to laugh at dinner. But it was not destined to end without the entrance of another famous personage on the stage. The noise of a horse's tread near by, caused the artist to turn his eyes down the avenue, where he saw a gentleman with an olive complexion and dark, lustrous eye, seated in a carriage, and glancing from the window to the still gesticulating servant, and then to himself, with an expression of amusing wonderment. It was Leigh Hunt, who had just arrived from England, thinking at the moment that he had only come to find his long expectant poet friends in a lunatic asylum. We may imagine, with such a reunion and after such a series of dramatic incidents, how the breezy evening of that summer day was spent at the Villa Dupoy.

At the period when West painted Byron and the Countess Guiccioli, (the engraved copies of which pictures in this country are positive libels upon the originals,) the poet's thoughts were directed towards America. He had not then resolved upon his Grecian expedition, his sojourn in Italy had become annoying from various causes, and he was more than ever disaffected towards

his native land. One of our vessels of war was lying in the harbor of Leghorn, and among her gallant officers were some warm admirers of Childe Harold. They sought his acquaintance and invited him to visit the frigate. When he went on board he received a salute, and few compliments ever gratified him so much. He had read in some periodical a review of Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," and begged Mr. West to procure a copy of the book, which he declared one of the most interesting biographies he ever read. One trait of his intercourse with the artist is so thoroughly characteristic that it deserves mention. As usual, he was very curious to know what the painter thought of him, and finally induced the latter to confess that he did not think him a happy man. Byron was eager to ascertain wherein the contrary was evident. "I asked him," said West, "if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Whenever I had observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him and that he would make use of it."

Another interesting association of Mr. West's foreign residence, is his visit to Rhyllon, where he had been invited to paint Mrs. Hemans. "There never was a countenance," says her sister, "more difficult to transfer to canvas, so varying were its expressions, and so impossible is it to be satisfied with the *one* which can alone be perpetuated by the artist. The great charm of Mr.

West's picture is its perfect freedom from any thing set or constrained in the air, and the sweet, serious expression so accordant with her maternal character. In her own lines to this portrait, the poetess exclaims—

“ Such power is thine !—they come, the dead,
From the grave's bondage free,
And smiling back, the changed are led
To look in love on thee.”

An unfortunate speculation with one of his inventive countrymen, whose mechanical genius had brought him to London, induced Mr. West, several years since, to return to this country. Some of his more recent works are admirable in their way. He excels in cabinet fancy portraits, and not a few of his efforts of this kind are quite unsurpassed, at least among us. His ability in portrait on a broader scale is evidenced by that of Mr. Calvert. The light and shade are managed with a Rembrandt effect, and the expression and air remind us of Vandyke.

The analogies between literature and art are more numerous and delicate than we are apt to imagine. The former is ever yielding themes to the latter, while the essential charm of many popular writers is purely artistic. This is the case to a remarkable degree with Irving, and the principal reason of the enthusiasm his early writings excited among his countrymen, was that they were the first which possessed any native grace and finish of style. The thoughts and sentiments of Geoffrey Crayon

are not original or profound, though sweet and natural, but they are uttered in chaste and refined language—in sentences that win the ear, in words chosen with a tact and taste derived from innate perception and a genuine sense of beauty. It is said that Irving in his youth contemplated the profession of an artist; his writings are the best proof of his adaptation to such a life. His pictures are not sublime, dramatic, or vivid, but they are dreamy, graceful, and quiet—exactly such as would afford a painter like Mr. West genial subjects for his pencil; for his taste is also fastidious; he delights in exquisite details, and it is a labor of love to him to work over some pleasing design, and bring it to perfection. He is a loyal disciple of the English school, somewhat of a conservative and partizan in art, and one of those students of painting that never travel without a copy of Sir Joshua's discourses. Hence he has little sympathy with his American cotemporaries, and lives chiefly in himself and the past. We find no difficulty, on the catholic principle in which Allston delighted, that of being a "wide liker," in fully recognizing the claims of this class of artists, of which we believe Mr. West is the best representative in this country. They are of the same fraternity in painting as was Gray in poetry, aiming chiefly at high finish and minute effect, exact, dainty, and fanciful. Among the first successful pieces of this artist were illustrations of Irving's "Pride of the Village," and "Annette de l'Arbre." The latter, when exhibited at the Royal Academy, drew the attention of the poet Rogers.

It represented the deranged girl at her lonely vigil on the beach, watching in vain for her lover's return. The appreciation of the bard of memory drew general attention to the picture ; his ever-ready sympathy with talent secured the artist his friendship, and this was the auspicious commencement of a long and prosperous residence in London, cheered by the richest companionship. It is not surprising that, after an arduous career as a portrait painter in the West and South at home, and several years of study in Italy, the social advantages and professional success he enjoyed in England, should have rendered Mr. West very partial to her school, and that Wilkie and Leslie should be among the names he most fondly cherishes.

SULLY.

THERE is a species of female beauty almost peculiar to this country. Perhaps it is best described as the very opposite of robust. Indeed, it is winsome partly from the sense of fragility it conveys. Lightness of figure, delicacy of feature, and a transparent complexion are its essentials. It is suggestive at once of that quality which the French call *spirituelle* ; and we can readily account for the partiality it excites in foreigners, from their having been accustomed to the hearty attractions of the Anglo-Saxons, or the noble outline and impassioned expression of the southern Europeans. It is an acknowledged fact, that the physical development of American women is precocious, and the decay of their charms premature. The variability of our climate, the want of regular exercise in the open air, and the harassing responsibilities they so early assume, too often unrelieved by wholesome pastime, are some of the reasons assigned for this state of things ; explained as it may be, however, these characteristics of American beauty are visible all around us ; and to arrest graces so ethereal, and truly embody them,

requires somewhat of poetry as well as skill in an artist. If ever there was a man specially endowed to delineate our countrywomen, particularly those of the northern and middle States—where the peculiarities we have noticed are chiefly observable, it is Thomas Sully. His organization fits him to sympathize with the fair and lovely, rather than the grand and comic. He is keenly alive to the more refined phases of life and nature. His pencil follows with instinctive truth, the principles of genuine taste. He always seizes upon the redeeming element, and avails himself of the most felicitous combinations. Sully's forte is the graceful. Whatever faults the critics may detect in his works, they are never those of awkwardness or constraint. He exhibits the freedom of touch and the airiness of outline which belong to spontaneous emanations. Indeed, his defect, comparatively speaking, lies in this fairy-like, unsubstantial manner. Many of his female portraits strike us as "too wise and good," too like "creatures of the element," to be loved or blamed. Some of them float before the gaze like spirits of the air, or peer from a shadowy canvas like enchanted ladies. They are half-celestial, and we tremble, lest they should disappear as we gaze. As a universal principle, we are far from advocating this style, but are there not subjects to which it is exclusively adapted? Do we not meet human beings who make a similar impression on the mind? Lucy Ashton is a representative of the species. Let us advert to Scott's description:—"Her exquisitely beautiful, but somewhat girlish features, were formed to express

peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft timid, and feminine, and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger than to court admiration. Something there was of a Madonna cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and of residence in a family, where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." We cannot better designate Sully's particular aptitude than by saying that he could realize upon canvas the mental as well as bodily portrait of such a heroine. One consequence of the fastidious taste and graceful perception of this artist, is that where the subject is unpromising, he is sure to catch the most desirable expression. We often see coarsely moulded faces apparently destitute of all charms—faces that inspire respect by the character they display, but offend ideality, and leave the affections untouched. Intimate acquaintance, however, reveals a certain mood wherein a softness gleams in the eyes, or a smile flashes like some benign inspiration, throwing over every feature an interest and grace undreamed of before. To this casual expression Sully will apply himself. It seems a rule and habit with him never to send a disagreeable portrait from his easel. He has an extremely dexterous way of flattering without seeming to do so, of crystalizing better moments and fixing happy attitudes. All his men, and especially his women, have an air of breeding, a high tone, and a genteel carriage. His taste in costume is excellent. One

always feels at least in good society among his portraits. He seems to paint only ladies and gentlemen. However his actual power may be estimated, there is about his works the absolute tokens of an artist's spirit. There is sensibility in his delineations ; they are invariably modest, refined, and graceful. He never offends our sense of the appropriate, or trenches on the self-respect of those he portrays by the least approach to exaggeration. The series of illustrations of Shakspeare he commenced, are happily, but not forcibly conceived. Portia is fair and dignified, but not sufficiently vigorous ; Isabella is as chaste and nunlike as Shakspeare has made her, but her dormant and high enthusiasm does not enough appear ; Miranda, a character better adapted than either to Sully's pencil, has an arch simplicity caught from nature herself.

Sully is identified to an unusual extent with the ornaments of the stage. He is a discriminating lover of acting and music. His portraits of Cooke, Fanny Kemble, and Mrs. Wood, are among his most genial and successful efforts. The St. George's Society of his adopted city, commissioned him to paint the Queen, upon her accession to the throne. Within a few years he has executed a very spirited portrait of Washington, in the act of reviewing the troops, at the time of the whisky riots. There is a chivalrous dignity in the expression and gesture, rarely so effectively embodied. The present war with Mexico broke off a negotiation whereby this picture would have been purchased by the government as a donation to a foreign potentate. Talent for the arts is natural to Sully's

family. His English parents were gifted in dramatic ability; his brother, whom he soon out-rivalled, initiated him into practice, and his children excel in tasteful accomplishments. His mind is by no means exclusive in its appreciation, but readily perceives whatever of grace is discernible in the whole range of literature and art. His associations have favored this native insight, and a remarkably liberal and amiable disposition makes him cognizant of the least symptom of merit. His kindness to young artists is proverbial, and it is very difficult to induce him to play the critic, so prone is he to seize upon the hopeful aspect—not only of the face he is depicting, but of the character or production submitted to his judgment. Sully was very early thrown upon his own resources, and his connections were dependent upon him at an age when other artists are usually free of all responsibility, but such as their vocation imposes. The manly and cheerful spirit in which he met the exigencies of his youth, is worthy of his generous heart. His voluntary sacrifices at this period, equal those of any of his noble compeers. Many anecdotes are related, all significant of that elasticity which seems to belong to the artistic organization. Goldoni compares despondency to a fencer, and says, as long as one stands upon his guard, and parries the enemy's attack, there is no danger; but the moment a defensive attitude is resigned, the thrusts prove fatal. Upon this principle, Sully acted at the discouraging opening of his career. At the South, where his labours as an artist commenced, for a long time they gained him a

very precarious subsistence. His zeal for improvement led him to visit Europe with insufficient means, and the economy he practiced for many months in London, would form a striking chapter in the annals of self-denial. Hare Powell, of Philadelphia, was an efficient friend at this crisis, and through his aid, several private galleries were opened to the young artist, and he was enabled to study the English school of portraiture under signal advantages. He has experienced to a remarkable degree the caprices of fortune. Taste has undergone a variety of fluctuations since he became known to fame. The branch of art he espoused, and even the peculiar excellences for which he has been distinguished, exposed him to a more than ordinary reliance on the fashion of the day. Sometimes he has been overwhelmed with orders, and at others, obliged to change his residence for the sake of employment. For many years, however, he has prosecuted his art in Philadelphia, where few men are so deservedly respected and beloved.

INMAN.

SINCE the exhibition of Allston's paintings, several years since, we have had no feast of art comparable with that of this artist's works. As we surveyed the various evidences of taste and genius which adorned the walls, associated as they were with one of the most genial and kindly characters it has been our lot to know, a thousand pleasant memories and grateful thoughts sprang up "as at the touch of an enchanter's wand." At a meeting of the committee to whose exertions the public were indebted for this exhibition, one of Inman's sanguine friends urged with no little eloquence, the propriety of inviting our citizens to hear an oration in honor of his life and labors. The proposition was deemed inexpedient by the majority present. It was felt that the works of an artist speak more justly his praise; and we think no discerning visiter failed to realize this in regard to Inman.

There are few more interesting processes than to trace the development of a nobly-endowed man, as we often can in written productions, but seldom, as in the

present instance, through the offspring of the pencil. Let any one turn from the crude execution of his paintings, at the age of eighteen, to the exquisite finish and delicate tints of "Rydal Water"—which seems to deepen in crystal tranquillity as you gaze, until the very spirit of the delicious landscape passes into your mind as it often has into that of Wordsworth, who himself conducted Inman to the very point of view whence the picture was taken. In portraiture, too, compare the artist's brother—his first likeness in oils—so comparatively without vigor, to the strong, massive head of Lord Chancellor Cottenham.

The collection of his works was, of course, limited to the few which could be readily obtained; the object of the exhibition having been to provide something for his family, rather than completely to illustrate the ability of the painter. The works thus brought together—all the products of the same mind—were more valuable and attractive than many exhibitions we have seen comprising twenty times as many pictures by fifty different hands. It would have been quite easy to have gathered many more pictures by the same pencil, but it was deemed advisable to improve the occasion without delay, and avoid the risk and expense consequent upon the transportation of works from a great distance. Accordingly, the Art-Union room having been gratuitously offered for the purpose, one hundred and twenty-six of Inman's pictures were arranged upon its walls. As a matter of course the greater number were portraits—but such

portraits, for the most part, as have an artistic interest which renders them attractive independent of all personal associations. Indeed we venture to claim for Inman, in this department, the highest rank. He was unequal, it is true ; but where the subject was propitious and the artist himself, that is, in health and the right mood for his task, the result may challenge admiration from the lovers of Vandyke and Lawrence. If this praise should be deemed extravagant, we point with confidence to the heads of Dr. Chalmers, Lord Chancellor Cottenham, Wordsworth, and Macaulay, as examples of vigorous, characteristic, and masterly portraiture ; to the " Artist's Daughter " as an instance of the perfectly successful transfer of expression to the canvas without adventitious finish ; and to the pen and crayon sketches of Porter and Hoffman, and the painting of Jacob Barker, as proofs of facility of execution. The portrait of an infant was one of the most remarkable things in the exhibition. We are informed that it was painted after the child's death, entirely from the father's description of its lineaments ; and is a satisfactory likeness. A painter's life abounds in significant passages, and one of the most touching we ever heard, is that of a parent sitting for hours beside an artist engaged in transferring the beloved features from his memory. The quotation from Moore's " Lake of the Dismal Swamp," appended in the catalogue to a view of the scene, reminds us of the dramatic effect with which the departed was wont to recite that poem, after the manner of a well known elocutionist, for the amusement of

his friends. How benign an air broods over the massive forehead of Chalmers! We see in his face the power of thought, and the heat of enthusiasm tempered by age. It has been well said that Wordsworth's brow, eye, and mouth, perfectly accord with the tranquillity and diffuseness of his muse; there is a passionless contemplation about the picture, so true to the poet's nature as exhibited in his writings that, without having seen the original, we feel assured his portrait is authentic. Macaulay is not a promising subject. His temperament and tone of complexion would prove very ineffective in the hands of an inferior painter. Inman has given so well the noble outline of the head—the swelling curve where phrenologists locate the perceptive organs—and chosen the position so admirably, the eye slightly lifted, that the heavy features have a quiet eloquence which grows upon the spectator. Their rugged, honest strength would, however, leave us without any outward sign of the great reviewer's mental refinement, were it not for the hand, the beautiful moulding of which completes the insignia with which nature has stamped the casket whose gems have so often scintillated from the pages of the "Edinburgh." The unfinished portraits attracted much attention from every painter who visited the exhibition, for the reason that they gave no inadequate notion of the process which the limner followed. It was observed that the peculiar and characteristic expression of the face—that quality, indeed, which alone gives individuality to the features, was already caught and embodied. This method is

precisely what distinguishes genius from mechanical dexterity. Any one with a command of language can versify, and a little practice will enable the clumsiest hand to combine color and trace forms, but to vivify language with genuine emotion, so that it adequately represents a state of the soul, and to make outlines and tints convey the very personality of a countenance, are achievements requiring a special endowment, and not attainable through mere skill or industry.

The following is a sketch of a visit to his studio three years before his death :

Now let us go to Henry Inman's. Would you not know him for a man of genius at a glance? His air and smile, the lines of mental activity in his face, the very fall of his long hair would stamp him in a crowd as a weaver of "such stuff as dreams are made of." His countenance has that interest which lies in expression, an interest far transcending mere regularity of outline or beauty of individual feature, because we always associate it with character. It seems less the offspring of accident, has a more intimate relation with the soul, and is a characteristic over which time has no power. An artist of some sort we could safely aver him to be ; whether in the sphere of language, sound, colors, or marble, would be a subsequent question. His, however, is no confined ability, but rather the liberal scope of an intellectual man. He converses delightfully, recites with peculiar effect, has a discriminating sympathy for literature, the drama, and "the comedy of life," with genial social instincts and a

warm appreciation of whatever appeals to the imagination, or involves any principle or taste. In his own particular art, Inman is one of the most versatile of American limners. We remember an anecdote of some lover of Art, who visited a public gallery, and after surveying numerous pictures, selected a landscape as especially worthy of his future attention; he next was attracted by an Indian group, then by some historical figures, and at last by a portrait. Upon referring to the catalogue to identify the painters of his favorites, what was his surprise to find all four to be the work of Inman! The German school greatly interests this accomplished artist. He possesses a superb Danaë by a modern painter of that nation—the most admirable thing of its kind in the country. There was a charming example of his pleasant invention, at the last Academy Exhibition. It represented two boys playing mumble-peg or stick-knife, on a green bank in summer. Such exuberant juvenility as their faces and attitude displayed! It was a most happy touch of nature, the work of three afternoons, such an one as stirs a pulse in every heart. It brings back the days of boyhood, like magic—the ‘unchartered freedom’ of that bright age, and its buoyant air of careless enjoyment. The freshness of their looks, like the verdure on which they are stretched, is as the smile of the blest spring that preceded the manhood “of our discontent,”—gleaming through the long vista of years. Benign old gentlemen used to stop before the little gem, and smile, and then grow thoughtful at

“Finding objects that still remain,
While those days come not again.”

We are fortunate in our visit. There is one of the first trophies of Inman's genius—a youthful production, but most felicitous and promising. Even now he may contemplate it with satisfaction. It illustrates Irving's delightful story. Look at those still, tall trees, the sunrise glimmering through that opening which reveals a sweet glimpse of the Hudson, with a sail gliding by. See yon eagle sailing through the air. Comes there not the almost oppressive tranquillity of a summer morning over your senses? Do you not long to fling yourself upon the turf, and repose amid the balmy woodland silence, broken only by the song of birds? Do you not recognize a knoll of the Catskill? And there, just raising himself, with a bewildered stare and a constrained elongation of his stiff limbs, is Rip Van Winkle himself! There are his old-fashioned breeches, his long beard and hair, his rubicund and wife-subdued countenance. Beside him is the antique gun, with rank grass waving over it. The lock is green and mouldy, and the poor fellow's hat actually has assumed a half-vegetable aspect. Capital,—is it not? And what think you of this picture—those two boys gazing at each other with angry, bullying faces, (a patrician and a rustic,) erect, full of pluck and combativeness, yet awed into a kind of dogged reconciliation by the third youth who has stepped between them? There is something familiar in the latter's countenance. Dignity blends even with its childlike expression. The supremacy of character already exerts itself not only in act but look. You feel that he is born to command. The

serenity of conscious rectitude and moral energy, with the sweetness of benevolent purpose, all mingle in the features. Is it not a pleasant conception of Washington as a boy ?

Inman excelled in cabinet pictures of the school, though not in the manner of Leslie. His tact and grace in this sphere would have insured his success in England, had not ill health and domestic claims prematurely induced his return to the United States. "Mumble-the-Peg," and "The Boyhood of Washington," before alluded to, are very charming evidences of the artist's talent in this way. Each explains itself with simplicity and truth ; these scenes will bear careful examination. The costumes, figures, and atmosphere, are all combined with singular beauty ; and there is a certain felicity of conception about them, which convinces us that Inman could have developed the same vein of art to a great extent, and with uncommon versatility. The landscapes, especially "Rydal Water," "Trout Fishing," and "Birnam Wood," are very pleasing and effective. The foliage is not depicted as minutely as some painters like, but at a short distance, the impression is more like nature. The water is admirable ; it glints in the light, or gurgles over shallows delightfully. The atmospheres, too, abound in feeling. Compare the crystal serenity of that of "Rydal Water," with the purple glow of an "October Afternoon ;" we not only recognize different seasons of the year, but different countries of the world ; and yet the living soul of nature breathes with delicate loveliness

through both, intimating that the artist was in relation with her, when he thus transferred to canvas such attractive landscapes. As we study them, we can almost feel the woodland breeze, and hear the gurgle of the water. There is, to us, a peculiar charm in the two little sketches to which we have before alluded. They were both, it seems, executed off-hand, and yet they are admirable as "counterfeit presentments," and to a mind versed in the technicalities of art, suggest Inman's readiness and ability more significantly than highly finished and elaborate productions. To those who are familiar with the countenances of the subjects, we need not praise their fidelity; but they are interesting in another point of view—as indications of that fine social instinct that endeared Inman to his friends. The inscriptions beneath are very characteristic of the man: " * * * will please accept this *leaden* counterfeit of the genuine coin, which never rings false to any test of its metal," &c. The autograph under the other head runs thus: "Presented to * * * by H. I.

" Farewell ! but whenever you welcome the hour
When the smoke-wreaths of mirth," &c. &c.

Such was the genial manner in which Inman associated with his friends. With a freshness of spirit, that neither time nor illness could subdue, he ever cherished most kindly and noble sympathies, the exercise of which strews the pathway of life with flowers, lends wings to hours of social joy, and redeems human intercourse from

the selfish inanity that so often makes society a wearisome, instead of a soul-cheering influence. In concluding this *hasty* tribute, we should be false to our sense of duty and the memory of the departed, did we not urge upon our countrymen to receive the lesson thus afforded, and act wisely upon its teaching.

We have always regarded one characteristic of our nation with regret and surprise. It is their slow appreciation of native merit. Innumerable facts prove that there exists a singular want of confidence in the genuine worth of the intellectual fruits of the soil. Take literature, for instance. What reflecting observer doubts that the foundation of Irving's success was laid in England? No general approbation was awarded the moral essays of Channing, until his transatlantic fame awoke an echo in the minds of his countrymen. One of the greatest historical painters of the age, died a few months ago in an obscure village near Boston. While abroad, his society was deemed a treasure by men of wealth and rank; at home he was scarcely noticed, save by some accomplished foreigners, who sought out his retreat to do homage to his genius. Metaphysicians in the old world say that Edwards on the Will is the ablest work in its department, which has been produced in a century. Its merit has scarcely been recognized by American philosophers. Again, experiment proves that it is extremely difficult to support a single Review wherein the topics of the day may be discussed by our own critics, (and we have as good as the world can furnish,) while the coarse

and partisan views of Foreign Quarterlies are eagerly adopted. But it is needless to multiply instances. We consider recent political organizations as indications that this suicidal temper in our people has created alarm, at least in relation to our political interests. We hope this truly patriotic spirit will be diffused, and penetrate at length all the latent agencies of society. Then will an honest pride and a fostering enthusiasm guard and cherish the literature, science, and art indigenous to the land. Let us not wait for death to canonize our men of genius, ere we appreciate and encourage them. Let us hail their advent as the greatest blessing to the republic, and suffer not indifference or avarice to blind us to the claims of rare endowments, to the humanizing and sacred mission of the poet, the artist, the gifted of whatever sphere. Ere it be too late, let the fostering hand be stretched out, the cordial recognition vouchsafed, the warm sympathy bestowed. Thus shall the great problem of life find beautiful and enduring illustrations here ; and the sensitive mind of genius be quickened and strengthened into more complete and lofty development.

COLE.

FEW native localities are more endeared to the lovers of scenery where beauty and grandeur are happily combined, than the Catskill mountains. The view, indeed, from the lofty plain called Pine Orchard, whither enervated citizens repair in summer, has been deemed too extensive for definite impression. Yet it is impossible to look abroad on a clear day, from that glorious observatory of Nature, without a thrill of delight. The noble Hudson winds, like a silver thread, as far as the eye can reach, and countless meadows, groves, and villages are spread out like a vast chart, eloquently significant of natural productiveness and human well-being. Fleecy clouds, of mottled gold or saffron, pass below the spectator, and cast their moving shadows upon ravine and hillside. A pure and cordial air plays gratefully around him; and near by are the fine cascades of the Kaaterskill, a mountain stream fed by two diminutive lakes higher up the range. Nestled near the river, and about twelve miles from this favorite point of view, is the town of Catskill, the vicinity of which has long been the residence of

Cole. We can imagine no more desirable home in the country for a landscape painter. The variety of mountain, stream, foliage, and sky ever offered to his observation, furnish exhaustless materials for study ; and he is doubtless indebted in no small measure for his acknowledged fidelity to nature, to these familiar opportunities. In the course of these papers we have had occasion to note that vicissitude seems to mark the early career of artists. The same fact is true of Cole. He was brought to America while a child, as was the case with Leslie, by English parents who sought to revive their crushed fortunes in the new world. His father established a paper-hanging manufactory in Ohio, and it was by designing, and combining the pigments in this establishment, that the son learned the rudiments of his art. He also had his day-dreams in the magnificent woods that skirted the Ohio ; he read, and dallied somewhat with music, until his young spirit awakened, and this isolated life acting upon a sensitive temperament, rendered him so keenly alive to impressions, that he declares he could hear his heart beat in the presence of people neither distinguished or talented. At length a portrait painter came to the obscure village where he lived, and soon initiated him into a higher sphere of art than he had yet attempted ; so that one frosty morning, he started off, like Goldsmith, with his flute, his palette, brushes, and a little clothing in a green bag, and played his way over many a weary league, eating his crust by the road-side brook. His father soon entered upon a new species of business, where his services

were again required ; but from time to time, he prosecuted his art—studying the picturesque along the Monongahela, wandering in cold and heat among the Alleghanies, and thus inuring a frame naturally delicate to exposure and deprivation. Finally he made his way to Philadelphia, and was bewildered by his first view of the trophies of art at the Academy in that city, From painting bellows, and a transparency to celebrate Lafayette's arrival at the Quaker metropolis, he came to New-York and set up his easel in a garret. But here Durand and Trumbull appreciated his talents. His views of the Hudson charmed some wealthy Knickerbockers, and Cole received substantial encouragement. Besides two eminently profitable visits to Europe, he has since followed his art at home, with unremitting assiduity and distinguished success. When his autumnal landscapes were first seen in England, their gorgeous hues were regarded as an extravagant Yankee invention, so unaware were foreign amateurs of the brilliant freaks of the early frost on this side of the water. His allegorical pictures are perhaps the most celebrated of his works—and as compositions they display uncommon genius ; but he does not excel in the figure, and sometimes his masterly atmosphere, rocks, and foliage exhibit a remarkable contrast to this deficiency. It is on this account, perhaps, that Cole is chiefly admired for his landscapes, which often exhibit an authenticity and feeling as rare as it is attractive. No American painter has so completely identified himself with his land's features ; his pencil having fulfilled the same office to our scenery as Bryant's verse.

Among his recent pictures are two beautiful illustrations of Italian scenery. They represent the extremes of the cheerful and the sombre, which make the contrasts of view in southern Europe so impressive. One of these pictures, to which we believe the artist has given the name of *l'Allegro*, has a fine perpendicular cliff in the back-ground, arched by a serene and lucent sky. The light plays richly through a weed-grown arch, peasants dance on the bright sandy shore; the verdure is fresh and vivid, and the atmosphere transparent and exhilarating in its tone. The piece is a composition, and sparkles with the buoyant nature of Parthenope, "touched to finer issues" by the picturesque ruins. The companion picture, (*Il Penseroso*,) represents a lake near Albano, in the Roman territory. The shores rise abruptly to a great height, and are covered with dense and shadowy foliage. A dash of Salvator's gloom broods over the scene, and an ancient shrine before which a single peasant kneels, increases the religious solemnity of the landscape.

Of his American views, one of the most attractive is "The Hunter's Return." It is a composition, with the exception of one noble mountain in the back-ground, which is copied from a remarkable spur of the White Hills. The scene is an opening in the forest, where, beside a transparent lake and beneath the impending hill-sides, appears a settler's log-hut, with its adjacent cabbage garden. From the opposite thicket approach two bluff hunters, with a deer slung on a pole, and borne on their shoulders. One waves his cap to the wife, who stands by

the hut door, and holds up her infant to greet his return. In advance hurries the eldest son with the dog. There is a rustic bridge, the stumps of a clearing, two or three prostrate birch trunks, and all the objects incident to such a scene; while around tower the evergreen firs, maples, oaks, and beeches,—their foliage kindled with all the splendid dyes of an American autumn; and far above, serenely arching the misty hill tops, spreads the clear blue sky, mottled with gold. It is altogether a beautiful and most authentic illustration of American life and nature.

One of the most highly finished works of this artist is an oval landscape—the light radiating from the centre—an experiment which proves entirely successful in his hands. The tone of this picture is quite Claude-like. The foliage is autumnal, and in the painter's best style, and the whole effect is poetical in the highest degree. This gem illustrates the well-known verses of Mrs. Hemans, entitled "The Cross in the Wilderness." Cole has put upon canvas the picture described in the two following stanzas, in a manner that would have charmed the delicate taste of the sweet poetess:

" Silent and mournful sat an Indian Chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb ;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

“For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man’s heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hushed, and eve’s last splendor shone
With a rich sadness on th’ attesting stone.”

His Roman aqueduct breathes the very loneliness and sublime desolation of the Campagna. It is not a few barren fields and arches of decaying brick that we behold, but the silent arena of a vanished world. “There are certainly fewer good landscape pictures,” says one of Cole’s letters, “in proportion to their number, than of historical. In landscape there is a greater variety of objects, textures, and phenomena to imitate. It has expression, also; not of passion, to be sure, but of sentiment—whether it be tranquil or spirit-stirring; its seasons, sunrise, sunset, storm, the calm, various kinds of trees, herbage, waters, mountains, skies. And whatever scene is chosen, one spirit pervades the whole—light and darkness tremble in the atmosphere, and each change transmutes.” There spoke the poet, and his canvas gives the same dreamy impression, the same pensive or bright mood, that the best verse inspires. How well the vivid green, the Arcadian fertility of the vale, contrasts with the shadowy mist around the base of Etna! The lateral sunbeams warm the floating vapors, and light up the olive-clumps and broad leaves of the aloe, to an Eden freshness. We involuntarily sigh to be in that *lettiga* (comfortless vehicle that it is) now winding down the mountain.

One thin light stream of smoke is slowly wreathing upward from the cone, and about its dark sides how beautiful are the snow-drifts. Never was a mountain more faithfully portrayed. It comes back to us like a wondrous dream. The whole is conceived in exactly the mood to which an imaginative mind is lured by the unequalled scene.

LESLIE.

AT Victoria's coronation, very desirable seats were given to academicians. During Sully's last visit to London, Leslie one day was describing the spectacle to him with an artist's enthusiasm ; and dwelt especially upon the manner in which the central figure struck his vision, as a gleam of sunshine played upon the ermine of the peers, and the diamond wheat in the hair of the maids of honor, until it fell, like a halo, around the head of the fair young queen, kneeling to receive the sacrament. Sully, with his usual consideration, suggested to Leslie to paint what so obviously haunted his imagination ; and a few days after, he found the artist brooding over the subject, for it is one of his peculiar habits to complete a picture in his mind before touching the canvas. Accordingly, after long deliberation, the light, shade, and grouping, were arranged to his satisfaction. The principal characters present on this occasion, agreed to sit for their portraits, and her majesty cordially favored the design. The beautiful scene was thus commemorated with exquisite skill and taste. It served to renew Leslie's popularity,

and will ever be a charming evidence of his tasteful ability and artistic power.

To be moved by gentle excitements and won by quiet charms, proves refinement of feeling and alacrity of mind. It is one of the most striking tokens of advancing civilization, that popular amusements gradually lose all coarseness. The sports of the arena give way to the drama; buffoonery and horrors are succeeded by classic dialogue and inspiring arias. Painting exemplifies the same transition; and from martyrdoms and heathen divinities by degrees turns to domestic scenes and glimpses of humor and sentiment. The school of modern English art is the legitimate offspring of her high civilization. As in science cognizance is now taken of minutiae on account of the spread of general knowledge, in art, the details of life awaken an interest, and furnish a resource unavailable in earlier times, when a few leading ideas moved society. The change is less favorable to the grand than the graceful development of talent. Still there is a wholesome principle in quiet gratification, and taste is no uncertain guide to truth. Our sympathies would soon lapse from pure exhaustion, had we only Lady Macbeths and Othellos; and Shakspeare's genuine humanity is no less effectively displayed in his Violas and Mercutios. Leslie's first successful attempt was a likeness of Cooke, the tragedian, taken at the theatre, while apprentice to a Philadelphia bookseller. He soon copied admirably, and became, like most of his fraternity, early occupied with portraits. After teaching drawing

a short time at West Point, he resigned the appointment, returned to England, and has since enjoyed the liberal encouragement which no other country is so well adapted to yield the kind of genius by which he is distinguished. She claims him as her own, but although born there, his parents were American, and his first lessons in art received on this side of the water.

It has been well said that habit alone prevents us from recognizing a miracle every day. Were our sensibilities always keen, and our observation ever active, the most familiar phenomena would excite wonder. A pampered taste, and feelings blunted by custom that "makes dotards of us all," rear the most formidable barrier between what is really interesting and the mind. It is on this account that writers continually seek in the extraordinary, aliment for public curiosity ; and for the same reason, inferior artists often address themselves to very odd or sublime themes, with a view of winning admiration. Experiment has proved, however, that there is a vast and but partially explored domain around us, neither supernatural nor melo-dramatic, which may be vividly illustrated, if wisely used. Perhaps there is no sphere either of art or literature which yields such perfectly healthful results and which so abounds in "human nature's daily food." The poet from whom this phrase is quoted, is an instance in point. He has succeeded in imparting an ideal interest to the common aspects of nature. Some of the British essayists achieved the same result by their clever treatment of social and local traits,

which in themselves, appeared utterly devoid of what is called effect ; and judicious readers welcome an element so wholly free from morbid excitement and artificial appliances. In the world of art there also exists a kind of table-land, equally distant from mountain grandeur and flowery vales, where a cheerful tone and quiet harmony refresh the senses and gratify, without disturbing the heart. In an age like the present, those who thus minister to the more tranquil pleasures of imagination, exercise a benign vocation. They may not thrill, but they often charm. Their labors create no epochs of inward life, yet they often cheer and solace. The lesson conveyed may be calm, but it is not the less refreshing ; and the associations enkindled, like a bland atmosphere, yield a pastime none the less desirable, because it is unmarked either by tears or laughter, and is indicated only through an unconscious smile or placid reverie.

We designate the principle in view, when socially manifested, by such humble epithets as agreeable. As humor differs from wit, peace from rapture, satisfaction from delight, the appropriate from the impressive, this quiet aim and peculiar grace is distinguishable from more exciting influences. As exhibited in painting, it is as far removed from Dutch homeliness as from Italian exaltation, and partakes as little of grotesque caricature as of lofty sentiment. It is domestic, natural, unpretending, yet true and attractive. It is the neutral tint in color, the undulating in movement, the gentle in sound, and the pleasant in experience, appealing not to high veneration

or deep love, but gratefully allying itself to ready and home-bred sympathies. Of all our painters, Leslie excels in this department. His Sir Roger de Coverley, Sancho Panza and the Duchess, Sterne at the Glove Shop, Anne Page and Master Slender, are gems of their kind. He is such a limner of manners as was Steele in language. His subjects are chiefly drawn from life, not in its extremes, but its refinements. His pictures are caught from family associations and household literature. They embellish the scenes of domestic taste. He follows nature in her choicest moods. To few artists may be more justly applied the term intellectual. His style is elegant, his sentiment and humor delicate, and his strength lies in the fine proof rather than the massiveness of his arms. As a gentleman's example raises the tone of breeding, Leslie's genius redeems art from coarseness. His women are not heroines, but they are winsome and accomplished. He distils poetry from the common-place, and throws a fanciful charm around the familiar. He is judicious, penetrating, and graceful, and hence tells a very intelligible anecdote on canvas, in a simple, yet beautiful way. It is these characteristics that make him so apt and satisfactory an interpreter of the Spectator, and Uncle Toby, Irving, and the more airy passages of Shakspeare's comedy.

WEIR.

To be thoroughly appreciated, the scenery of the Hudson should be viewed in mid-winter as well as at more inviting seasons. When the ice shivers before the prow of the steamer, and the high and lonely hills on either side, are snow-clad ; when the only hues that relieve the surrounding whiteness are the pale blue of the sky and the dark green of the firs and cedars, a scene is presented more striking to the imagination, from the reverse it affords to the same picture when alive with the freshness of spring, or mellowed by the glow of autumn. Analogous to such a contrast is that between the phases of Weir's destiny when he sailed up the noble river in a sloop, thirty years ago—exiled, by the misfortunes of his father, while yet a child, to the home of an ungenial relative, his young yet already troubled eyes bent on the cold features of that wintry landscape—and when he now looks from his romantic abode upon the wild umbrage of Cro'nest, the honored teacher of West Point, and the artist of established fame.

Burns immortalized a sentiment common to all men

of genius when he declared independence to be the "glorious privilege" for which alone money was desirable. It is a trait of artist-life, evidenced in countless biographies, to chafe under a sense of obligation and contemn all interference unauthorized by sympathy. It is in this spirit that Hamlet enumerates, among his other reasons in the famous soliloquy, for indifference to life, the "spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes." In boyhood, Weir sacrificed his inclinations to filial duty, and postponed the indulgence of his aspiring tastes rather than be the occasion of needless solicitude to those interested in his welfare. Even they acquiesced in the expediency of securing an education, however limited, and after a year's vain attempt to reconcile himself to the home offered by his kinsman, he returned to New-York. It has often been remarked that very slight circumstances affect the destiny of those who possess marked characteristics. It happened that the house where young Weir attended school was directly opposite the rooms of Jarvis, the painter. At that period studios were by no means common, and this one—associated as it was with a popular name, and enshrining the mysteries of an art comparatively little known and less practised—became a sort of enchanted spot to the schoolboy. Day after day he loitered about the door, and at last summoned courage to enter. The painter was absent, but several of his pupils were at work, and they became interested by the ardent curiosity of their visitor, and kindly replied to his many questions. Here for the first time he saw Inman, little imagining that

after years would unite them so cordially in the glorious brotherhood of Art. This episode of his early youth, while it awakened the latent desires of the artist, did not beguile him from the stern duties of the man. A situation was obtained for him in a respectable French mercantile concern at the south, and in eighteen months a branch was established in New-York, of which he was made head clerk. It was then that he formed the resolution gradually to emancipate himself from a pursuit which required either capital or life-long drudgery to accomplish its ends, by cultivating his own powers until they should become available resources both for subsistence and fame. From six to eight in the morning he studied with a painter in heraldry, and then entered upon his daily task. After the usual trials of patience, he produced in 1821, a copy of a portrait which obtained for him a liberal commission. Thus encouraged, he turned his entire attention to painting.

Before visiting Europe, Weir sought effect in art through a bold and rapid style. The great advantage he derived from the study of master-pieces abroad, was a conviction of the need of careful and elaborate finish. Like most American painters, he learned that he had commenced where he should have ended, that he had boldly launched upon an adventurous career without due preparation. He now understood what lasting and brilliant triumphs could be realized through patience. There is a spirit of calm, progressive labor essential to great success in Art, to which the very atmosphere of our coun-

try seems unfavorable, and faith in this influence is perhaps the choicest blessing which our artists acquire in the Old World. Weir naturally revered truth ; he needed but to see her light in order to accept it ; and as he beheld the trophies of his beautiful profession in the galleries of Italy, and recognized the tranquil, pains-taking, and earnest labor to which alone can be ascribed their enduring fame, he determined to acquire habits of care and precision, and learn to express his ideas without vagueness, and in the clear, well-defined, and highly-finished manner that he now knew to be the genuine language of art. There is no more excellent test of character than a revolution of habits. Weir brought all his energies to this task. He became for a short time the pupil of Bevenuti, who was then adorning the Pitti Palace with the life of Hercules in fresco. From the figures of the Grecian mythology he turned to the simplest natural objects in the fields and by the roadside, and practised drawing from the models and casts of the academy, while he enlarged his ideas of color by the study of Titian and Paul Veronese. For him as well as for other strangers, it was impossible to reconcile the enthusiasm of the modern Italians for the warm tints of the Venetian school with their own cold and monotonous hues, and the proficiency of their best painters as draughtsmen with their inadequate notions of color. After painting two sacred themes—"Christ and Nicodemus," and "The Angel relieving Peter"—at Florence, one rainy day in December, 1825, he entered Rome. Greenough and himself occupied

rooms together on the Pincian hill, opposite the house of Claude Loraine, and between those known as Salvator Rosa's and Nicolo Poussin's. Weir's account of his life at Rome resembles that of other students who go thither for improvement—exhibiting the same quiet habits, intense application, occasional holidays, and cheerful economy. Early in the day he studied at home, or drew from the antique at the French Academy; after breakfast it was his custom to go to the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican, or some private palace, and work until three o'clock, when they were closed. He then either sought his own studio, or the adjacent campagna to sketch from nature. With an appetite sharpened by exercise, he repaired towards evening to a favorite trattoria—once the painting-room of Pompio Bassoni, whose boundless egotism Reynolds has recorded—and after dining, joined his brother artists at the Caff  del Greco. From the fragrant smoke and light-hearted chat of this unique rendezvous, Weir hastened to the life-school; and at nine o'clock, when the nights were fine, went forth amid the moonlight to enrich his portfolio with views of the ruins, and his memory with dreams whose touching solemnity melts the heart and exalts the fancy. It is a characteristic anecdote of artist-life, that at this period he lived a month upon ten cents a day, in order to atone for the extravagant purchase of a suit of armor. The basis of all real mental aptitude and power, is doubtless good sense, and Weir evinced his reliance on this quality by the judicious use he made of his experience abroad. He saw and condemned the slavery

of the Italians to the past, their bigoted adherence to a certain manner, and their want of sympathy with nature; and while he availed himself of what was really desirable in schools, kept his attention fixed chiefly upon truth wherever discoverable. In cherishing this independent spirit, he was true to his birthright, and because he loved the beautiful as illustrated in Italy, ceased not to be faithful to the free principles of thought and sentiment he had brought from America.

It is curious to note how the ideal and prosaic sometimes meet in the lives of artists. Their pursuits ally them to the world of imagination, to the domain of the beautiful, to a contemplative and abstract sphere; while their actual existence, like that of other men, is environed by circumstance which some poet justly calls the unspiritual god. The pecuniary reverses of his father obliged Weir, in the very hey-day of his youth, to enter a cotton factory, but in a few months he was dismissed for having so carelessly attended the spinning jennies, and so aptly caricatured one of his supervisors. In the midst of influences so opposed to his instincts, one naturally wonders that they should have asserted themselves. Yet there is no truth better established than the supremacy of nature and character over conventionalism and accident. It may be long before the "electric chain" is struck, but when once the spark ignites, the promptings of destiny are conscious and permanent. "What then is taste?" says Akenside—

“What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse ?

This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.”

That secret bias was revealed to Weir in the course of his desultory reading. He fell in with a copy of Dryden's translation of Du Fresnoy's poem. The triumphs of the art so melodiously set forth in those heroic couplets, stirred the very heart and drew tears from the eyes of the enthusiastic boy. In such a peaceful field he longed to win the laurel, and already beheld in fancy the hallowed trophies, and felt the magic gifts commemorated by the poet :—

“See Raffaele there his forms celestial trace,
Unrivalled sovereign of the realms of grace ;
See Angelo, with energy divine,
Seize on the summit of correct design ;
Learn how at Julio's birth the muses smiled,
And in their mystic caverns nurs'd the child ;
Bright beyond all the rest, Correggio flings
His ample lights, and round them gently brings
The mingling shade : in all his works we view
Grandeur of style and chastity of hue.
Yet higher still great Titian dared to soar ;
He reach'd the loftiest heights of coloring's power :
His friendly tints in happiest mixture flow ;
His shades and lights their just gradation know ;

His were those dear delusions of the art
That round, relieve, inspirit every part.
From all their charms combined, with happy toil,
Did Annibal compose his wondrous style ;
O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
That every borrow'd grace becomes his own."

The illness of a countryman and fellow-student induced Weir to relinquish his project of a tour in the north of Italy, and a brief sojourn in France. His cheerful abandonment of designs so ardently cherished and fitted to enlarge his views of art, for the purpose of fulfilling his duties as a friend, indicates a true nobility of heart. Indeed, we have seldom known more loyal and disinterested vigils than were those kept by the generous painter beside his suffering companion ; nor did his assiduous kindness terminate until he had conveyed the invalid in safety to his distant home. Those who have known what it is to meet illness and death in a foreign land, when every pang is rendered more acute by the desolate sensation of exile, can alone realize how precious are ministrations such as these. In a spirit worthy of a true artist, Weir yielded his personal objects, ceased his winsome studies, and turned aside from the attractive objects around him, to watch over his countryman. He left the shores of Europe with the regret which his limited acquaintance with her treasures of art would naturally excite in such a mind. He was cheered, however, by the satisfaction of having saved the life of a gifted brother, and the hope of subsequently revisiting the scenes

of their mutual studies. Circumstances soon led him indefinitely to postpone the realization of this idea. "I feel myself," he observes in a letter written a few years after, "anchored for life, especially as I have some little kedges out which have moored me to the soil."

We have alluded more than once to the discouragements which obstruct artist-life in America, its comparative isolation and want of sympathy, and the necessity of sacrificing large designs to immediate exigencies. In view of these shadows in the common lot of artists, Weir may be considered as more than usually fortunate. The immediate successor of Leslie, he has for the last ten years filled the office of instructor in drawing at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. It is a field of eminent, though unpretending usefulness, and its duties occupy only a certain portion of the day, so that ample leisure remains for the artist's private labors. The choice of Weir was most happy for the institution. His tone of character, habits of method, and personal bearing, not less than his high reputation as a painter, give a dignity to the situation; and, as might have been confidently predicted, both officers and cadets regard him with the greatest pride and affection. As to the success which attends his instructions, it is enough perhaps to say, that the average degree of merit evinced by the drawings exhibited at the last examination, quite astonished all present who had been accustomed to think that proficiency in this branch depends upon a special endowment. It is true, there were obvious grades of ability,

but few institutions, even where drawing is learned from choice, and not as a requirement, can furnish such examples of freedom, accuracy and skill.

At West Point, Weir painted his "Embarkation of the Pilgrims." This work was undertaken in accordance with a resolution of Congress, as one of the historical series designed to adorn the rotunda of the Capitol. The subject was adopted as illustrative of what has ever been deemed the event of greatest moral significance in our annals. Local feeling, and the complacent fluency with which New England writers and speakers dwell upon home themes, have doubtless exaggerated its value; and it is not quite just to accept without reserve the motto which partial eulogists have recognized in behalf of that stern little band of dissenters, "with these men came the germ of the republic." As an element of civilization and national growth, the inflexible qualities of the Puritan character possess high claims to admiration; yet that such a form of human development lacks much that is essential of grace, beauty, comprehensiveness, and the generous sympathies, cannot and ought not to be denied. Spiritual pride and selfish aims mingled with the zealous faith of the Pilgrims. Their virtues were more stoical than spontaneous. They fostered a tyranny of public opinion as blighting as that of kings. The urbane conservatism of the New-York colonists, and the frank enthusiasm of the Virginia cavaliers, are at least requisite contrasts in the moral picture. Yet the subject was well chosen. It was desirable that one of the panels

should be occupied by an illustration of our eastern history, and its peculiar and memorable incident is the landing of the Pilgrims. "They sought a faith's pure shrine," we are told by the ardent muse of Mrs. Hemans; and this is the grand moral of Weir's picture, in the light of which it is to be viewed. Divorced from such an idea, and regarded simply as affording materials for picturesque or ideal scope, the subject is far from promising. The truth is, (notwithstanding Milton,) there has never been any natural alliance between Puritanism and poetry. They are moral antipodes. Catholicism is the religion of Art. With all her errors, she has ever met the native sympathies of the heart, and obeyed the great law by which the True is sought through the Beautiful. Puritanism represents Christianity as an opinion, Catholicism as a sentiment; the former addresses the intellect, the latter the feelings and imagination. Accordingly, there is a certain barrenness and cold atmosphere in Puritan history which is the reverse of inspiring to the artist; and we trust it is not violating the privacy of the accomplished painter of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," to allude to the fact that his researches incident to the enterprise, resulted in making him an earnest churchman. For the accuracy and extent of those researches, Weir deserves more credit than he has received. He elaborated his design in a conscientious spirit, which the most exacting member of the group on the "Speedwell's" deck could not fail to approve. Every face is depicted according to the most authentic hints which

have come down to us of individual character ; the costumes and accessories—such as the screw and cradle—are matter-of-fact copies. A descendant of the Pilgrims, who considered himself no tyro in the knowledge of New England antiquities, recently called in question the presence of a prominent individual in the picture, and attempted to prove an *alibi*, citing historical evidence that Carver was far from Delft Haven when the vessel sailed ; but to his surprise, the artist met his testimony with earlier and more authentic data, of the existence of which he was ignorant. In addition to his fidelity to history in detail, a great merit of the picture is the felicity of its grouping. The drawing and composition have been warmly praised by the most judicious critics. The holy representative of a despised and persecuted sect, kneeling on that crowded deck in prayer, the calm elder, the intelligent and honest ruler, the careless mariner, the resolute soldier, over whose rough shoulder peers the sweet features of his fair wife, to soften and cheer the gravity of the scene ; boyhood and age ; expressions of parting sorrow and lofty faith ; the lady of fashion and the poor woman with her sick child—all mingle together in effective positions ; and by their eloquent features make the spectator feel the self-denial, the wounded affection, and the solemn purpose involved in that high but dreary enterprise. It may be a somewhat humble epithet, and yet, considering the subject, not inapplicable, to say of this work that there is an air of thorough respectability about it—by which we mean, a most obvious good taste, and a

wise avoidance of every thing fantastic, extravagant, and incongruous. Such we conceive is the best spirit in which such a picture could be executed. It may be objected that, as a painting, viewed without reference to the subject and moral impression, too much of the artist's toil has been given to the material details, and that the tone of the whole is dry and cold. This latter objection seems to us so much in harmony with the subject as to become the highest praise. Would not the rich draperies and glowing hues of Titian, the spirited figures of Salvator, or the ideal beauty of Raphael and Correggio, be singularly out of place here? In fact, does not this canvas breathe the correct and firm, and at the same time the frigid spirit of the Puritans? If we adopt the German maxim of judging every work by its own law, such a result must be deemed remarkably successful. As life presented itself to the minds of these men, and as it still displays itself, though modified by circumstances, to their descendants, so it is portrayed by Weir—perhaps unconsciously in a great measure, yet none the less truly. As the climate and verdure of the New England coast differ from those of the Bay of Naples—as will differs from sympathy, opinion from sentiment, mind from heart, calculation from impulse, faith from charity, reason from love, so should the reflection of life, the art of the north differ from that of the south; and on this ground, however “The Embarkation of the Pilgrims” may affect the imagination, it cannot fail to gratify our sense of the appropriate.

Weir's isolated position, and the confinement for most of the year incident to his office, have tended for some time past to keep him from the public eye. Yet a late visit to his studio impressed us with the conviction that there are few of our resident artists to whom commissions may be more satisfactorily given. He is less interrupted in his vocation, and his attention less distracted than is the case with metropolitan limners. His portfolios are rich in promising designs, from which most desirable selections for finished pictures may easily be chosen. One in particular struck us as most happily conceived. It represents our Saviour and the two disciples in their walk to Emmaus, after the resurrection, when their hearts burned within them, as he talked to them by the way. The postures and drapery of the three figures are very fine, the atmosphere oriental, the heads noble and expressive; and, what stamps the design with beautiful meaning, there is a most impressive contrast between the lively, quick, and intent air of the disciples, and the serene abstraction of Jesus. This sketch would make either an interesting cabinet or an effective church picture. There is a Flemish vein in Weir, and he has remarkable tact in managing still-life. "An old philosopher showing the microscope to two boys" was the subject of a painting on his easel, which evinced his ability in this way delightfully.

One of the most interesting incidents in Weir's career at home, was his painting the venerable chief of the Senecas. A professional gentleman,* whose patriotic

* Dr. J. W. Francis, of New-York.

sympathies are ever alive to the interests of literature and art, had been much attracted by the expressive visage and the extraordinary cranium that rendered the person of Red Jacket so eloquent of his history ; and felt, both as a philosopher and an American, how desirable it was to perpetuate the lineaments of the old forest king. Accordingly, he ingratiated himself by occasional gifts of tobacco, and when the chief's friendship was obtained, induced him to sit to Weir for his portrait. Special models of greater utility are doubtless obtainable at Rome and Florence—a broader chest for a Hercules, a more graceful contour for an Antinous, and a more venerable head for a Saint Peter ; but no foreign academy could furnish such a noble physique, associated with circumstances and qualities of such peculiar interest. The last of the Senecas, with characteristic yet brave egotism, when complimented upon his deeds of blood, exclaimed —“A warrior ! I was born an orator !” When denounced in early life by a prophet, he came forward at a great Indian council, and by his powerful eloquence, in a speech of three hours, turned the tide of popular feeling and triumphed over his enemies. He drew tears from his audience on every occasion when he depicted the wrongs of his race, and was elected from the mere influence of his natural gifts chief of his tribe—for, according to our poet,* whose vivid numbers will preserve his mental, as our painter has his bodily features, he possessed

* Halleck.

“The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding—
The godlike power—the art Napoleon,
Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
The hearts of millions, till they move like one.”

He determined to resist civilization, in order to maintain the shadow of power and individuality that his nation could still boast. It was a vain though an heroic attempt. By jealously opposing the trading, missionary, and even friendly association of the whites, by advocating the rites and glory of his people, and keeping fresh in their memories the natural distinctions of the Indian, he trusted to postpone, if not avert, their impending ruin. He is supposed to have begun his career as a warrior during the revolution. General Washington, whom the chief used to call “the flower of the forest,” presented him with a silver medal, which he never ceased to wear. In 1812 he took part in several warmly-contested engagements; and after a life of political toil—savage though it was—venerable from years and fame, the champion of his waning tribe both in council and in arms; Red Jacket visited the Atlantic cities for the last time in 1829, and was the object of general attention. His bearing was still proud and his step firm; he wore his forest costume, and on all public occasions was mindful of the dignity appropriate to his reputation. He was then seventy years of age, and his death soon after occurred at the Seneca village near Buffalo. His funeral was largely attended and his deeds eloquently rehearsed by his survivors, who then recalled with sadness his own

prophetic works—"Who shall take my place among my people?" The sitting of Red Jacket to Weir would have afforded no slight material for the speculative observer of human nature. The savage monarch, whose piercing eye beheld the gradual but certain destruction of his race, as it had already that of his immediate family, always entered the artist's studio with his suite, dressed in all the finery of his office; his companions, with their dark faces and unrestrained air, threw themselves carelessly upon the floor, and smoked their pipes, while their leader ever and anon rose from his seat to gaze with admiration upon the growth of the portrait, deigning occasionally a word of encouragement to the painter. The whole scene was one of those combinations of the extremes of savage and civilized life—of the picturesque and the conventional—of the refinement of art and the wildness of nature, only to be encountered in this country. And it was but a kind of poetical justice thus to snatch an aboriginal exemplar from oblivion, and for bard and limner to join in enshrining the name of Red Jacket in human remembrance, as a specimen of Indian character, one distinguishing trait of which he so remarkably exemplified—the union of outward calmness and indifference of aspect with tumultuous passions:—

“With look, like patient Job’s, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird’s in air,
Thou art in sober truth the veriest devil
That e’er clenched fingers in a captive’s hair.

“ And underneath that face, like summer ocean’s,
Its lip as moveless and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart’s emotions—
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.”

CHAPMAN.

THERE is an old house at Albano, near the lake, that has been used from time immemorial by artists who frequent the vicinity as an inn, although it makes no pretensions to the character. The successive families, or rather generations of the same family, who have occupied the domicil, do their best to make the guests comfortable, and it is a piece of traditional wisdom to let them have their own way. The freaks, convivialities, Indian talks, and continental extravaganzas resulting from so liberal a rule, may be easily imagined. Doubtless if the old walls could speak, the tales they might unfold would equal the "Decameron" in the richness of their flavor and "Boz" in humorous zest. As it is, they are not altogether silent, being covered with all kinds of sketches, impromptu landscapes, and grotesque portraits—the hasty but suggestive autographs of the long train of visitors who have stolen thither from the studios and galleries of the Eternal City, for a month's *villegiatura*, or a day's picnic. One fine spring afternoon a knot of these graphic adventurers were inspecting the several designs, with

more curiosity than reverence, when a young American of the party drew the attention of his companions to a female head, the exquisite beauty of which at once changed their sportive comments to earnest admiration. The host was summoned, and in answer to their inquiries offered to show them the original. With high-wrought expectations they followed him to a neighboring farmhouse, and beheld an infirm, silver-haired woman of eighty or ninety propped up in an arm-chair. They looked at their guide incredulously, but all present confirmed his assertion. It seems that sixty years before, a German youth—one of the most promising students of the Roman Academy—had roamed thither, like themselves, to breathe the fresh air of the hills and enrich his scrap-book with views of the lake. The decrepit creature before them was at that period a beautiful girl, the very one so sweetly portrayed on the walls of the venerable dwelling they had just left, of which her father was proprietor. The ardent boy from the Rhine had not finished his sketch before he found himself deeply in love. In a few weeks he married her; they established themselves at Rome, and six months after, he was stabbed one evening near his own door. The fair being whose dream of happiness was thus horribly broken, returned to Albano, and never left the farm-house or was seen to smile, from that hour. Such is one of the anecdotes of Chapman's sojourn abroad. It is interesting as indicative of the romantic associations which so often invest the life of an artist, and to which their unconstrained habits and affinity with all

that is picturesque and adventurous are so favorable. Arrayed in the goatskin and untanned shoes of a peasant, Chapman and his comrades wandered over the greater part of Calabria. Every well-defined outline in the mountain ranges, each graceful shrine, the effective attitude of monk or vintager, the tower of the middle ages ; the isolated cornice or pillar, whose true proportions survive the corrosion of time ; the vine-laced terrace or the rocky headland, afforded an idea or illustrated an effect which they sketched for future use ; while cloud and breeze, storm and sunshine were ever around, inviting them to study, in a loving mood, that wondrous and inexhaustible Nature which is the source and inspiration of all that is true and lasting in the trophies of art. It is astonishing how materials multiply to the observant eye ; and the very by-ways furnish pictures for the artist and lessons for the moralist. We remember one among many of Chapman's memoranda of this pilgrimage, which conveys a sweeter hint to the imagination than half the elaborate compositions that crowd the canvas. It represents an old man, in the garb of a pilgrim, asleep beside the road, his head resting in his daughter's lap, who sits under a tree, and as the sun approaches the horizon, shades his beams with her hand from the father's eyes. The action is simple and effective, and as thus caught by the passing artist, makes as natural a vigil of love as poet or painter could wish.

De Tocqueville observed that in science Americans seek the immediate. The remark is equally true, in no

small degree, of art. Even ideal pursuits are wrested into the service of utility, in a country where the good of the greatest number is so earnestly proposed. There is a tendency to make art and literature subservient to temporary ends, and render them popular agents, which few men whose lot is cast in this republic can resist. Nor is it always desirable they should, for, although elaborate works are not as likely to be created, it is no ignoble office to take an efficient part, either as a writer or an artist, in the education of the people. In the Old World art is a luxury, but one open to the enjoyment of all. It is no uncommon thing to see a beggar and a prince contemplating the same statue in the Vatican, while architecture and music in their highest forms are still more accessible. In this country, where no such facilities are enjoyed, art necessarily takes a popular form, and cheap literature answers instead of public libraries. Necessity, too, obliges the artist and *littérateur* to consult the immediate, and those who in Europe would have been engaged for years on a philosophical work or an historical painting, become in America writers of newspaper paragraphs and magazine articles, and portrait painters or illustrators of annuals. Thus, as in many other ways, the individual is sacrificed to the many. He seldom leaves an adequate or tangible monument of his genius behind him; his mind has been diffused in its career over a wide space, and has exerted a quickening rather than a permanent influence; his labors have met the exigency of the hour, and been tributary to the great stream of intellectual life that fer-

tilizes the broad arena of republican industry. The energy of his mind, to use an expression of the author before quoted, has been more animated than dignified in its development, and he has been compelled, as it were, to do his fellow-beings more justice than himself. How far it is well for art thus to adapt herself to the temporary, is, indeed, a great question. We know that her loftiest results can only be obtained through that individuality of purpose and feeling, which is one of the distinctions between genius and talent; and there are men so endowed that, like Michael Angelo and Milton, they must be true to themselves or be guilty of apostacy from what is most dear and noble in humanity. This, however, need not prevent us from regarding with complacency the labors of those who have made the arts of design instruments of common good, who have disseminated ideas of the beautiful, and illustrated the popular taste.

This train of reflection is very naturally suggested by the name of so popular an artist as Chapman. He does not remember the time when he did not sketch; and as this native readiness continued to display itself, he determined to adopt the profession of a painter, and after some preliminary study, went abroad to carry on his education. From the superior copies he executed in Italy of such pictures as Guido's "Aurora" and Titian's "Flora," it was evident at once that he had not mistaken his vocation. Many of his subsequent works are distinguished by felicity of design and brilliancy of coloring. They are so various in kind, from the simple rural to the

elaborate fancy composition, that it would be difficult to designate them under any one term. The point, however, mainly characteristic of Chapman as an artist, is his facility in drawing, and we know of no individual who so rarely combines mechanical ingenuity with artistic taste. He is familiar with all the processes of the artisan as well as those of the artist; now at work on a mezzotint and now on a wood-cut; to-day casting an iron medallion and to-morrow etching on steel; equally at home at the turning-lathe and the easel, and as able to subdue plaster and bronze, as oils and crayons, to his uses. Perhaps it is from his acquaintance with so varied a range of operations that Chapman owes his intelligent sympathy with mechanics. As a class he thinks them the most original and deserving among the people; and when we remember how many useful inventions have sprung from their ingenuity in America, and the thoroughly respectable social position they have acquired, it is singular that their claims have been so seldom recognized. Chapman recently conceived a very happy manner of indicating the real importance of their labors in a series of graphic illustrations of Whittier's "Songs of Labor." The artist and poet, by mutually extending the design, might readily execute a work that would be vastly popular and highly creditable.

Color is apt to fascinate the inexperienced at the expense of drawing, and few really admire the cartoons of Raphael compared to the number who are enchanted by the splendid hues of the Venetian school. On this sub-

ject a late writer justly observes—"A finished work of a great artist is only better than its sketch, if the sources of pleasure belonging to color and *chiaro 'scuro* are so employed as to increase the impressiveness of the thought. But if one atom of thought has vanished, all color, all finish, all execution, all ornament, are too dearly bought." Such is the essential importance of drawing, as the alphabet of expression. How desirable is a mastery over such an element of art! Without considering what it may be to the artist as means of pleasure, as a language it is invaluable. There is reason for its becoming more and more, as is the case, a branch of liberal culture. It is true that progress beyond a certain point in drawing seems very dependent on organization; and we know of no better test whereby to decide between imitation and originality of mind, than the use made of this vehicle of expression, when once acquired. But its early and correct acquisition, the education of the hand and eye, is the first step in an artist's course. It is true that when this mastery is attained there must be feeling and intelligence to inform it with meaning, otherwise it is of no more efficiency than skill in the use of weapons to the soldier who is destitute of the valor to wield them in battle. Yet the pencil is ever a delightful resource. How it cheers the languid hours of the invalid, and what a graceful pastime it affords the social circle! To an imaginative traveler it is a means of preserving such effective hints of scenes he explored with enthusiasm, that in after years, his portfolio becomes the sybilline leaves of memo-

ry, any one of which excites far-spreading and vivid associations. Happy the art that can thus

“ Arrest the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold
Them fast.”

Chapman has prepared a work designed to simplify the teaching of drawing. These manuals hitherto have been written by mere teachers, whose interest rendered it undesirable to unfold very clearly all the mysteries of the subject; and treatises on perspective, as a general rule, do not impart any adequate practical knowledge. The work in question is philosophical in design, and brings out the whole subject, from its simplest to its most complex relations, illustrating the process at every stage with great felicity. It cannot fail to be eminently useful, and will serve as a standard authority in this department of education.

The studio of Chapman is very artist-like. We always think of Jonathan Oldbuck, upon entering such an apartment, and feel vexed at the idea of its elegant confusion being formalized by “the womankind.” It would be a treat for a rainy evening, to draw together the two nice arm-chairs before the grate, and look over those portfolios with the right kind of companion. Imagine the thing. No sound but an occasional crackle of the coal disturbs the quietude. Above the mantelpiece hangs a suit of armor, perhaps worn by John de Medici, for Chapman bought it in Florence, and it corresponds with the array

of that dark chieftain, as represented in his portrait. Whoever has seen the picture will not fail to remember it. The face is like Napoleon, and along the projecting points of the steel-clad figure glimmers the light, as it does at this moment, on the mail overhead. What associations does that one object awaken!—the middle ages, with their pomp and feuds, chivalric devotedness, the tournament, Palestine, Richard of the Lion-heart, Ivanhoe, Sir Walter, and his hall at Abbotsford! The books on the table in the corner, look singularly inviting;—not stiffly ranged on shelves, like symbols of pedantry, but lying here and there, as if waiting to be taken up. There is a deerskin and antlers, to waken thoughts of woodland freedom, and blue lakes; and fine casts from the antique, to stir memories of the Vatican. You glance around with a feeling of self-respect, for the emblems of genius and beauty suggest thoughts of heroism and joy. With a more noble interest you turn from that spirited sketch in your hand. That unfinished little scene on the easel, he calls “On the Fence, or Town and Country.” A fair maiden is seated upon the rail; on one side stands a rustic youth, on the other a city loafer. Their respective dogs are quite characteristic. Which of the suitors will carry the day? That is the very question in the process of solution. How plainly it appears! Besides the excellent landscapes, to many of which an historical interest is attached, what a number of admirable copies from valuable originals. There is Rembrandt, Rubens, and Sir Joshua;—and Columbus, with his white hair and thought-

ful visage, looking the devoted pilgrim of vast and unexplored seas,—the patient and lonely enthusiast. Well contrasted with him are the intelligent, practical features of old Peter Stuyvesant, more like those of a wise cardinal than a Dutch Governor.

Chapman is indefatigable; early and late he is at work, and seems to overcome fatigue rather by changing his occupation than abstaining from labor. The booksellers constantly employ him in illustrating Bibles, histories, poems, and even grammars. At intervals, he makes ingenious toys for his children, attends a club-meeting, or goes up the Hudson to rusticate and fish. Like most artists of ready talent, he has an eye for the humorous. One hot August day a party of his friends, including several ladies, made an excursion on the Potomac, from which, through accident or wisdom, he chose to abstain. When they reached the middle of the river, their boat was stranded by the falling tide, and left high—but not dry—on an extensive mud-flat, of such a consistency that to tread upon it was to risk suffocation. The hapless passengers had no alternative but to remain exposed to the intense heat of a Virginia sun, without refreshment or shelter of any kind, and devoured by musketoos, until evening, when the rising water enabled them to land. Chapman stood comfortably on the umbrageous banks of the river, and made such an admirable sketch of the affair, that the “party of pleasure” found when they came on shore that their awkward mishap was not likely soon to be forgotten.

We have alluded to the utility, in such a country as our own, of diversified labors like those which, for the most part, employ this artist. It is to be regretted that others reap so unfair a proportion of the gains incident to such industry. In many cases, works that owe their circulation almost entirely to the illustrations, have brought great returns to the publishers, who have allowed the merest stipend to the artist. In such cases the latter is justly entitled to a copyright remuneration. A single instance of the manner in which a popular design may be appropriated, occurs in regard to that of the "Landing of Columbus," by Chapman. It was originally sketched for a drop-curtain, and then furnished as a vignette for a newspaper for sixty-five dollars. In a few months it was reproduced in a London work, on bandboxes in the Bowery, in a tableau at the Olympic, and as a heading to the diplomas of the Madrid Historical Society.

EDMONDS.

AN ingenious British writer calls the spirit of trade the Capua of the fine arts, intimating that the very luxury incident to commercial prosperity, by enervating the mind, limits and degrades its better instincts. This view is, however, more applicable to the author's own country than to general fact. The Flemish painters have thrown a spell of beauty around the thriving cities which mercantile enterprise reared, and the memorable epochs of Italian art gave birth also to her merchant princes. Instead of regarding the spirit of trade and the cause of art as altogether inimical—which in some respects they doubtless are—it is the part of wisdom to endeavor to render them mutually serviceable. Art gives intellectual, and benevolence moral dignity to the possession of wealth; and as civilization advances, the well-being of every nation is more and more symbolized in the refinements of its architecture, painting and statuary. One of our traveling countrymen quaintly observes, that between a shot-tower and a cathedral spire there is the same difference as between the society of a ponderous bore and a buoyant

poet. As communities feel truths like this, they generally blend taste and industry, and turn from plodding routine to the amenities of horticulture, letters, or the arts. Such a process is visibly going on in this country. The enthusiasm for music, the increased sale of poetical works, the tone of newspaper criticism, and social intercourse, all evince this transition state ; and it is daily becoming more common for the devotees of gain to lay their offerings upon the shrines of knowledge and of taste.

We have some remarkable instances of the successful prosecution of objects usually deemed incompatible with each other. Indeed, versatility of occupations is one of our national characteristics. Trades are often hereditary in Europe, and it is comparatively seldom that any one exceeds or diversifies his vocation ; but the exigencies of life here, and the varied spheres in which the citizen is obliged to act, give more flexibility to his mind, and perhaps in no country are there so many surprising changes of employment and such ready adaptation of talent to circumstances. Mr. Edmonds is a rare example of this indefatigable spirit, whereby necessity and inclination are reconciled, and the barrenness of toilsome detail redeemed by a liberal pursuit. As a man of business, his accuracy, faithfulness, and attention are proverbial among those who know him in this relation ; and his services are constantly in demand by associations and individuals when any respite occurs in his duties as cashier of the Mechanics' Bank. At the National Academy, as well as in Wall-street, Mr.

Edmonds is cordially recognized, and has proved himself so adequate in these apparently opposite spheres, that the most exclusive votaries both of Mammon and of Art never question his fealty. So jealous was the painter, however, of his reputation among the "hard-eyed lenders and the pale lendeeds," that it was only by judicious degrees that he permitted his friends to know that he was addicted to the pencil. His studio was for a long time as impenetrable as the laboratory of an alchemist, and his pictures were exhibited under a fictitious name. We may imagine his amusement at the conjectures of the critics, and his vexation, on one occasion, at discovering that the address he had ventured to send, in order to secure the return of his works, proved to be a vacant lot, so that the paintings were left at a corner grocery! Quite early in life he had evinced a fondness for drawing, and books relating to art were among the first that seriously interested him. He also found peculiar satisfaction in the society of artists; but while quite a lad his career as a business man had begun, and he had the sound judgment to regulate the gratification of his taste in accordance with more imperious claims. This was comparatively easy, since his cast of mind is judicious and systematic rather than sensitive, and his aim in painting, the graphic and humorous. This tendency led him to illustrate scenes from Smollet and Scott, and give shape to many of the every-day phases of life. The "Epicure," and the "Comforts of Old Age," were among the subjects which at the outset he successfully treated. "The Penny Paper" may be con-

sidered among his best efforts. It cost no little study. Almost every object delineated, even to the old shoe that hangs upon the wall, is a legitimate imitation. "Spark-ing" is a familiar and very popular instance of Edmonds' talent, having been engraved by the Art-Union. When proposed as an associate of the N. Y. Academy, the question arose whether he was an artist or an amateur, and the fact of his having sold the fruits of his pencil decided his professional claims, and secured his election. His health having become impaired from too constant application, he sailed for Europe in the winter of 1840. Before this period, it had been his custom to be at his easel from sunrise until bank hours, and from three in the afternoon until dark ; nor is it surprising that such assiduity should have worn upon the springs of health. Indeed, to severe and constant labor may be ascribed all that this skillful painter has effected. He owes little to chance or intuition. He has not that kind of ability which seizes quickly on results, but achieves his ends wholly through methodical industry, a principle as effective in art as finance. Abroad, Mr. Edmonds visited and carefully observed the principal collections. He fell in with several countrymen attached to the same pursuits, and among the delightful episodes of his tour, remembers with peculiar and vivid satisfaction a sketching excursion made with a party of artists, among whom was Durand, to Amalfi, Capri, and Salerno. Since his return, he has exhibited among others, "The Bashful Cousin," "Boy Stealing Milk," "The Beggar's Petition," "The New

Scholar," and "Facing the Enemy"—a capital illustration of the temperance reform. His business talents have also been successfully enlisted in behalf of the Art-Union, originally called the Apollo—an institution at one time on the decline, but now, through the exertions of Mr. Edmonds and his coadjutors, in the full tide of usefulness.

This brief statement is an encouraging proof of what may be accomplished by one who really loves a tasteful object, even in the face of that eager devotion to mere physical good with which our nation is reproached. More than one of our poets have exemplified the same truth in regard to literature, and a few more instances of the same kind, will do more than a volume of reasoning to quell the absurd prejudice which holds it impossible for a man to play the flute, turn a stanza, or execute a picture, and, at the same time, be dexterous and thrifty in affairs. Thus the war between utility and beauty, the ideal and the practical, will gradually subside. It will at length be acknowledged that the human mind is capable of a two-fold coincident development, and that prudence and imagination may amicably unfold together. Thus the arid face of society will be fertilized, and an element of cheerfulness and grace be woven into the web of existence to redeem and brighten its monotonous hues. Similar causes for a long time opposed the progress of artistic culture in England. Half a century ago, an able advocate* of the fine arts there, deemed it necessary to plead the argu-

* Prince Hoare.

ment of utility, and point out the influence of design upon manufactures, tracing the effect of high art in the beautiful models of Wedgewood, and the patterns of stuffs, furniture, tapestry, and china, thereby bringing home to the plain common sense of the Saxon mind, that important series of causes and effects by which a principle of truth or beauty infuses itself through the whole range of social wants, from the highest demand of imagination to the most common of domestic necessities. There is, it has been truly said, an affinity between all works that are beneficial to mankind. The diamond and charcoal have been proved by science to be identical; and much of what is apparently incompatible in human pursuits, arises from the limited view in which they are regarded, or the narrowness of spirit and want of character with which they are followed.

F R E E M A N .

It is generally conceded that Raphael sought the triumph of his art in expression, Corregio in the effects of light and shade, and Titian in color—not that these were the exclusive objects of each, or constitute their only title to fame, but that they severally pursued truth with peculiar relish and success through these different means. If we admit these distinctions, it is easy to account for the superior rank claimed for Raphael, since there can be no question that to produce the greatest effects in art chiefly by means of expression, is to achieve the highest victory. There is more or less of illusion in every other process, and a reliance upon ingenuity rather than genius. The same is true in literature, whose most enduring monuments owe their vitality to the richness of the thought or image, and not to the perfection of the style. Racine's dramas boast a more sustained unity and elegance than Shakspeare's, and yet have no hold upon the permanent interests of men. Expression is the very soul of Art. It consists in seizing upon the most subtle of nature's phases and fixing it in marble or upon canvas—even as the great dramatist has stamped certain

traits of humanity upon his page for ever. The sentiment of devotion as it beams in the upturned face of St. Cecilia, or the holiness of maternity as it rests on the lips and in the eyes of the Madonna della Sedula, are in like manner, represented with an integrity that endears them to all the world. It is, therefore, an evidence of loftier intelligence in an artist to aim principally at expression. Unfortunately, many artists lack self-knowledge as to their appropriate sphere of expression. This was a great fault in West. He habitually selected the grandest and most sacred themes, and brought to their illustration, skill in drapery, grouping, and mechanical detail, without any commensurate reach of mind and sympathy in the subject. It is no small part of wisdom to understand one's province of action. The example of the old masters is too much followed in the choice of subjects. Perhaps the rarest of all adaptation is that for religious art, and not a few failures are to be ascribed to a want of courage in following out individual tendencies. It is equally meritorious, in the abstract, to make a good picture of a peasant as of a saint, the important point being intrinsic excellence. An artist's subject should spring from his natural powers, and not from external dictation. He certainly cannot deal successfully with expression, unless at home with the idea or feeling to be expressed; and this depends more upon character than imitation.

Among those of our artists who have decided genius for expression is Freeman. At a very early age he was

brought by his parents from Nova Scotia to Otsego. Through many difficulties, and hardships, he made his way to New-York to gain instruction in the art he loved ; entered as a student the National Academy, and soon gained the honor of membership. Inman, whose appreciation of dawning merit was as quick as his expression of it was frank and ardent, was among the first to acknowledge the youth's promise. He was attracted by the head of an old revolutionary soldier whom Freeman had hired as a model, and declared he should be proud to have painted it. In Cooper's novel of the Pioneers, there is a graphic description of the family mansion of the author's progenitors, in the western part of this state. Freeman occupied as a studio the identical building for more than one winter. He, however, has resided for some years past in Italy, and there studied his profession with a devotion and independence rarely equaled. Of this, adequate proof may be drawn from his conversation. He may have prejudices, but he also has arrived by observation and thought to the dignity of opinions. Perhaps his tastes are too exclusive to be generally followed, but they are based upon no temporary arguments or limited experience. His standard is exacting, and his philosophy just. The principles upon which he views art and endeavors to win her laurels, are of a character to obtain the respect of those who regard the subject from an intelligent point of view. None of our young artists are better informed as to the essential grounds of their profession, and few of them have such authority for their

pursuit. We can say of Freeman with perfect confidence—what cannot by any means be declared of the majority who paint and model—that he is an artist both from education and native endowments. With this conviction we parted from him, on his recent departure for Rome, with sincere regret, and a renewed belief that what is called success, both in art and literature, in this country, has little necessary connection with merit. A shrewd copyist or mechanical draughtsman, who knows how to

“ Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
That thrift may follow fawning ;”

who can stoop to court the wealthy and ignorant visitors of the “ city of the soul,” may obtain commissions to his heart’s content ; but the man of genius, whose very nature unfits him for resorting to any extraneous measures to secure patronage, who relies simply on his art, and the appreciation of his countrymen ;—waiting, as it becomes him, to be recognized, and scorning the appliances of the charlatan, is likely to starve by neglect. His fame is apt to be altogether posthumous ; late honors are yielded in the place of that living sympathy for which he pined ; and, instead of the gratifying spectacle of his actual and conscious prosperity, we are too often directed to his monument, and obliged to confess that he asked for bread and received a stone.

Before Freeman went abroad, he painted an Indian girl of rare beauty. The picture was greatly admired

and is highly prized by its owner. There is something in the manner and execution of the portrait quite unique. It is the best representation of an aboriginal female we have ever seen. To a European collector it would be invaluable, and no one with a particle of imagination can look upon it without interest. The peculiar complexion, and a certain blending of tenderness and fire in the countenance—to say nothing of the flowing hair—convey at once a romantic impression. The rich arterial blood seems to glow through the olive skin with a truthful vitality, and the dark eyes and expressive lips whisper some hidden and winsome revelation. Nor is this surmise erroneous. The girl was a celebrated beauty, and a story of no ordinary romance belongs to her name. It is very seldom that a portrait combines so many associations, and though among the earliest of the artist's productions, it is one at which he evidently wrought with earnestness and consequent success.

The picture by which Freeman is best known is "The Beggars." It was the gem of the exhibition, a few years since. The composition is simple but remarkably felicitous, consisting of one erect and one sleeping figure; but the attitudes, the atmosphere, the execution, the finish, and, above all, the expression, are in the highest degree artistic and suggestive. We doubt if any one who has never visited the south of Europe could thoroughly estimate the work, as a delineation of nature. To such as are familiar with those regions, it is singularly eloquent. The pleading, *datemi-qualchecosa*

look of the standing boy, is more significant than the rags in which he is clothed, and the bare extended arm. The face of the sleeper is calm—a beggar in attire, but a happy child in reality—happy in the noonday repose of that soft clime, the eager lines of importunity and want softened by the careless spirit, as

“Folded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As if a rose should shut, and be a bud again.”

This picture is an epitome of Italy, of her poverty and her clime—her balmy nature and her degraded humanity—her urbane spirit and narrow destiny. It carries one at once to the Piazza d’Espagna steps and the Colliseum. Its elaborate, highly-finished, and thorough execution is worthy of a master. There is a fine relieve effect in the countenances, that makes them seem palpable. In this, as in other of Freeman’s works, we are struck with the amount of study it will bear. There is nothing evasive or tame, but all is well thought and worked out. We feel that it was made to last and to contemplate, to impart ideas, waken the fancy, and yield permanent satisfaction. This artist paints like a man who has breathed a calmer air than our own, and grown familiar with labors that cost years of toil. There are few marks of haste, of that compromising spirit, so fatal to the enduring value of a work of art, which renders abortive some of the best conceptions of our artists. Freeman has never ceased to be a student. There is an intensity in his aims and habits; he has more vigor than delicacy.

He appears to understand clearly his object and to pursue it without diversion. Every one of his pictures we have seen, remains in our memory—a distinct creation. They satisfy instead of perplexing us. Two executed during the last winter displayed the same characteristics. One was a child, whose sun-burnt face and elfin locks furnished an excellent basis for a rural witch. But Freeman portrayed her with such a look of weird intelligence and laughing wickedness, that it was the very personification of a gipsy. The expression was so keen, vivid, and real, that it haunted one—so that the accessories of a ruined tomb, poisonous herbs, and mouldering bones were unnecessary, though appropriate. Of quite a different expression was “The Bad Shoe”—a little fellow seated in a barn window, amid a wintry landscape, and holding his frost-nipt foot pitifully in his hand, his chubby face full of that pathos born of early suffering—which Dickens has so effectively described. Both of these are genuine touches of nature, caught by the eye and transfixed by the hand of the artist—in no careless or accidental manner, but with just and effective labor. “The Crusader’s Return” is a cabinet picture, of the coldest hue, representing a knight with pallid brow and auburn beard, kneeling in prayer over the marble effigy of his betrothed. The armor is finely executed, and all the parts highly finished. It is evidently one of those experiments to which genius is prone, and intimates no ordinary skill, were ample scope afforded

for its deliberate unfolding. Freeman's drawings from models and sketches from nature, evidence long and various study, and manifest how much the genuine love of art, and patient investigation of its principles, have occupied his thoughts and feelings.

LEUTZE.

IN the summer of 1837, a young though baffled enthusiast was roaming amid the picturesque scenery of Virginia. He had gone thither from the capital, where an enterprise which seemed to offer at least the means of immediate subsistence, if not the promise of future distinction, had failed. He was the son of an honest, but stern mechanic, born in a small town of southern Germany. At a very early age, the political discontent of his father induced the removal of his family to the United States, and Philadelphia became their home. The imagination of the youth was already tinged with the romantic legends of his fatherland; and he brought to the new world a dreamy habit of mind, and many vague but ardent fancies, that gradually shaped themselves into longings for the unattained, and visions of renown. A boyhood of comparative seclusion and desultory reading, fostered these poetical tendencies; and the most commonplace objects were grouped and colored in his reveries, according to ideal suggestions. From this state of mind

he was painfully awakened by the claims of filial duty, and the reflections which occupied the long vigils by his father's death-bed, led him to resolve upon the profession of an artist, as that for which by nature and inclination he was best adapted. His early attempts were rude portraits, which succeeded only on account of their obvious resemblance to the originals, although in one instance the head of a bull-dog was considered a far better likeness than that of his master. At length, with the avidity natural to the occasion, he set about, for the first time, what he deemed worthy to be called a picture. It was based upon the memory of a colored print after Westall. Too impatient to wait for the colors to dry before giving the final touches, the young artist placed it near the fire and went out, anticipating the surprise of the friends he intended to summon, when his work was completed ;—on his return it was burned to a blister. The misfortune was not, however, without its consolations, for, though obscured, it was not annihilated—indeed, the fire had produced something of the effect for which many paintings are indebted to time, and his critics found no difficulty in recognizing many obscure, but undoubted evidences of rich promise : they encouraged the youth, but it was years before he ventured upon a similar experiment. On the contrary, he wisely turned his attention, with zeal, to the rudiments of his art, and made great progress under the instruction of a drawing-master of acknowledged merit. The result was, that his next portraits, when exhibited by the Artists' Fund Society, won

encomiums from competent judges, and led a publisher to engage him to paint the heads of our leading statesmen, to be engraved for a national work. It was in the prosecution of this design that he visited Washington. Our busy politicians could not at that period afford the time to give the artist the requisite sittings. His wants were pressing, and his experience limited; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that, after a few months, he abandoned the project, and went into Virginia, to soothe his disappointed feelings by communion with nature and reviving the dreams of his boyhood. These musings were, however, no longer wholly pleasurable. He had been brought into contact with reality, thrown suddenly upon his own resources, and obliged to compare experimentally the ideal and the actual. In addition to a bitter sense of the hard laws of necessity—a lesson that the world had taught him—he was now, in the very bosom of that Nature to which he had fled as to a mother's arms, made keenly to realize how inadequate is Art, even when a mastery is obtained over her mechanical principles, to express what filled his imagination and glowed in his heart. Thus the avenues of life seemed closed to him, both in its practical and its poetical development. In an aim, directed by regard to the wants of the time and people, and having subsistence chiefly for its object, he had been quite unsuccessful; and when he sought for relief in achievements born of individual genius and enthusiasm, an almost fatal self-distrust palsied his will. To all intelligent and sensitive minds this epoch of existence

is well known. To all such it must inevitably occur. It was a kind of "temptation in the desert" to our youthful painter. He desponded, but he was too heroic wholly to despair. A gentleman, whose rich domain he chanced to approach in his wayward roving, perceived his ability, understood his unhappiness, and aroused him from inaction by a call upon his professional skill. The artist obeyed, but he could not subdue the mood which possessed him. No brilliant scene arose to his fancy, no humorous incident took form and color from his pencil, and the fair landscape around appeared to mock rather than cheer his destiny. He could not bring himself into relation with subjects thus breathing of hope and gayety, but found inspiration only in the records of human sorrow. As the royal mourner bade her companions "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings," the pensive artist found something analogous to his own fate in the story of Hagar and Ishmael. He painted them as having followed up a spent water-course, in hopes of finding wherewith to quench their thirst, and sinking under the disappointment. He neither saw nor painted the angel of God who showed the fountain in the wilderness; and yet the angel was there, for now the sufferer acknowledges that early vicissitude nerved him for high endeavor, rendered his vision piercing, his patience strong, and his confidence firm; and that this incidental effort to triumph over difficulties, was the first of a series which have made his subsequent career progressive and happy.

The subject of Leutze's next picture was an Indian contemplating the setting sun. It gained for him, besides general praise, the permanent friendship of one whose kind interest manifested itself until his death, and through whose influence the artist received an amount of commissions sufficient to justify his embarkation for Europe. After a trying voyage, he arrived in Amsterdam in January, 1841, and having viewed the principal pictures which adorn that city, he hastened to Dusseldorf. He had heard of its celebrated school, and went there with highly raised expectations, which were amply realized. For some months a greater confusion reigned in his mind than he had ever before known, in consequence of the vast number of fresh ideas which he then imbibed. Gradually, however, they arranged themselves into order. The new-comer from America met with a warm reception from the artists, and Lessing offered to give him lessons. He soon undertook his picture of "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca." When completed, Director V. Schadow called to see it, expressed his great satisfaction, and requested Leutze to offer it to the Art-Union of Dusseldorf. It was instantly purchased by that institution, and this high compliment to the genius of the stranger, was rendered infinitely more gratifying by the universal and hearty sympathy of the artists, whose uninterrupted friendship proves their sincerity.

These circumstances sufficiently account for Leutze's partiality for the German school, independent of that affinity which may be supposed incident to his birth. He is

not, however, without reasons for this preference. "For a beginner in the arts," he observes, in a recent letter, "Dusseldorf is probably one of the very best schools now in existence, and has educated an uncommon number of distinguished men. The brotherly feeling which exists among the artists is quite cheering, and only disturbed by their speculative dissensions. Two parties divide the school—the one actuated by a severe and almost bigoted Catholic tendency, at the head of which stands the Director of the Academy ; and the other by a free and essentially Protestant spirit, of which Lessing is the chief representative. The consistency and severity in the mechanical portion of the art taught at this school, are carried into the theory, and have led, by order and arrangement, to a classification of the subjects, which is of essential service ; and soon confirmed me in the conviction that a thorough poetical treatment of a picture required that the *anecdote* should not be so much the subject, as the means of conveying some one clear idea, which is to be the inspiration of the picture. But the artist, as a poet, should first form the clear thought as the groundwork, and then adopt or create some anecdote from history or life, since painting can be but partially narrative and is essentially a contemplative art."

The best illustration of this view of his profession, is found in the paintings of Leutze, which, instead of merely telling a story, have a moral significance—conveying some great idea of chivalry, as in the Northmen—moral dignity, as in Columbus—loyalty to truth or faith, as in

Knox and Queen Mary. In each instance, it is not so much the fidelity of the historical scene, as the interest of the moral purpose, which affects the spectator. We cannot forbear expressing the pleasure which the remarks of Leutze above quoted occasion, as indicating a conscious superiority of design, a lofty yet distinct aim, that confirms the high opinion we had formed of his genius, as exhibited in his works.

Three years since, Leutze visited Munich—in his opinion the best school of painting in the world. He reveled in the glorious productions of Kaulbach, of Cornelius, and the many ancient specimens collected by the art-loving king of the Bavarians. He felt, in studying creations like these, how much remained for him to attain. After his recent constant application, there was, too, a need of tranquillity. He knew that the mind, like the earth, is enriched by lying fallow, and determined to consecrate a few months to repose. We have already spoken of his wanderings in Virginia. The scene of his present retirement offered a rich contrast. Having finished “Columbus before the Queen,” Leutze took advantage of some casual excuse to withdraw himself awhile, and plunged for refreshment into the beautiful scenery of the Suabian Alps—a region abounding in historical interest, and full of remains of the architecture of the middle ages. For nearly half a year he loitered about the foot of the Hohenstaufen, where stood the castle of that great race, alike romantic in its rise and fall, from Barbarossa to the ill-fated Conradin of Naples. With the tone of mind so

clearly evinced in his pictures, we can easily imagine what food for contemplation Leutze found amid these trophies of the past—memorials of the strife between church and state that agitated civilized Europe for centuries. There are the picturesque relics of the free cities, with their gray walls and frowning towers, in which a few hardy burghers bade defiance to their aristocratic oppressors, and gave the first impulse to that love of liberty which realized itself, after countless vicissitudes, in the institutions of that far western land so dear to the affections of the pilgrim of art. The progress of Freedom thus represented itself in pictures to his mind, forming a long cycle from the first dawning of free institutions in the middle ages, to the Reformation—through the revolution in England, the causes of emigration, including the discovery and settlement of America ; her early protests against oppression—to the war and Declaration of Independence. Leutze has given us some noble illustrations of this grand series of events, which thus arrayed themselves to his fancy amid the wild scenery and feudal remains of the Hohenstaufen, into a magnificent epic uttered in forms and colors ; and we earnestly hope that he will forge many other enduring and golden links of the chain, and thus make the effective in human art symbolize the glorious in human destiny. Such an enterprise accords with the spirit of the age infinitely better than the constant and tame reproduction of obsolete ideas.

Leutze visited every city between this region and the Tyrol, where such views might find nurture and expan-

sion, and arrived in Venice to experience the delight with which that unique city fills every poetic mind—a charm, we fear, soon to be dispelled by the railroad, about to divorce the fair and venerable queen from the sea forever. Titian, Veronese, and the Bellinis, he found were only to be known face to face, and never through lifeless translation. Fresh as he was from the North—to use his own expressive phrase—he warmed himself in the sunshine of their colors. At Bologna he first saw an undoubted Raphael, and experienced a strange joy as he stood before the St. Cecilia. “But my joy was much impaired,” he writes, “by three or four scaffolds and easels with miserable daubs that were to be sent into the world as copies. I soon learned, however, by after experience, that scarcely any beautiful picture can be seen in Italy except through the fret-work of half-a-dozen easels.” A want of sympathy with many of the subjects of art in Rome, so different from those to which he had been devoted, prevented Leutze from enjoying the Eternal City with the enthusiasm usual to artists. He could not readily separate the execution from the subject, though impressed with the genius of the former. He chiefly admired Michael Angelo, for his power and individuality, regarding him as the prophet of the future, and Raphael as an exquisitely beautiful reflection of the past. Here Leutze painted the Norsemen. Through Pisa, Genoa, and Milan, he went to Switzerland—his powers of observation constantly exercised—and took the Rhine at Strasburg. Absorbing as the scenes of his pilgrimage had

proved, they had not cast into the shade a beloved image, which made him greet the neighborhood of Dusseldorf with emotion ; and one who was there dear to him soon became the partner of his life.

Few pictures at the last exhibition of the National Academy, attracted such notice as "The Landing of the Northmen." It gave, perhaps, unqualified pleasure to no one, but interested all who possessed any adequate sense of what is intrinsically meritorious in art. This arose naturally from its freedom from that tameness of design, which is so refreshing to the eye weary with exploring the complacent mediocrities that occupy so large a space in most annual exhibitions. Pausing before this picture, we might, at all events, congratulate ourselves upon having a reality to look at. "Here, at least," we could say, "is no timid draughtsman, no flat and superficial attempt ; the man who did this was no shuffler ; he was not afraid to call his soul his own ; he had something decided to say with his colors and drawing, and he has said it very emphatically, and we are much obliged to him for speaking out like a man, instead of mumbling. We like the bold style of his address, and we feel at once that whatever may be his deficiencies in artistic skill, he has that primal and absolute claim upon our respect and affection which consists in *manhood*—a quality not coexistent by necessity with any degree of talent or species of profession." "The Landing of the Northmen" is doubtless a very extravagant composition ; there is something almost too melo-dramatic about it. The position of the leader,

the rushing ardor of the debarkation, the almost supernatural air of the figures, strikes us, at first, as incongruous. Some faults of execution, too, are easily discerned. Yet in spite of these objections, the picture is conceived in a fine spirit. We must enter into the artist's idea to enjoy it. Let us imagine, then, the long and anxious voyage that preceded this arrival, the chivalric character of that race so well suggested by the Norse songs of Motherwell, and the "Skeleton in Armor" of Longfellow; imagine them, after great suspense and deprivation, coming in sight of the promised land, about to exchange the dreary ocean for the safe and fertile precincts of a tropical isle! As the boat's keel grazed the beach, who, with a spark of enthusiasm, cannot sympathize with the leader bearing aloft in his huge arms the bride who had braved the deep with him, arrayed in her queenly attire, her fair hair floating on the land-breeze, and her blue eyes dilated with triumph? Is there not a beautiful hint of the "heart of courtesy" in the woman's foot pressed upon the mariner's knee, and the care bestowed upon the old mother in the stern? Is it not very natural that the sea-worn boy should clutch at the overhanging grapes? May not the quietude in the expression of the principal female figure be the calm of unutterable joy? There is a noble greeting in the outstretched arm of the chieftain; his air is full of victorious happiness, as if, while realizing his daring hopes—

"Toward the shore he spread his arms
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,

And carried to all spirits with the act
Its affluent inspiration."

In the picture of Cromwell and his Daughter, we find a similar incongruity in the detail and power of general effect. The countenances of the two are assuredly full of moral expression—the masculine energy of the Puritan woman and the subdued determination of her father, tell their own story with dramatic vividness; but then the female's arm is that of a washerwoman—an anatomical absurdity. "Columbus in Chains," we believe, first gained Leutze a wide renown on this side of the water. It is too well known, and justly appreciated, to require any description. When sent to the great exhibition at Brussels, it received from the King of the Belgians the medal à Vermeil, as a "Recompense Nationale." Perhaps the picture most characteristic at once of his genius and artistic skill, is that representing John Knox in his celebrated interview with Queen Mary. The artist could scarcely have chosen a subject more happily adapted to his powers. The varied passions enlisted on that remarkable occasion are admirably portrayed. The work is sufficient to stamp Leutze as a master of expression. That of the queen and great reformer are given with singular fidelity, and equal what the imagination anticipated. The painter has greatly heightened the dramatic effect of the whole by the introduction of two female attendants, one French and the other Scotch—the one, of course, astonished at the heresy, and perhaps disgusted

at the assurance of Knox, and the other full of sympathy for Mary. This excellent work is in the possession of a gentleman of Philadelphia. We confess, however, to no little partiality for another picture by Leutze belonging to a truly patriotic lover of the arts, whose small but most admirable collection nobly vindicates the claims of our own artists to generous patronage.* It is "Columbus before the Queen." We have heard the figure of the latter complained of as wanting grace, but to us there is something exceedingly true to nature in the contrast between her bearing and that of Ferdinand. He does not forget himself, but listens with royal self-possession; yet is cunning suffered to betray itself in the expression of his motionless features. But in Isabella the woman supersedes the queen. There is a fine abandonment in her very attempt at self-control, and the manner in which the hand presses the temples is part of the natural language of subdued feeling. The figure of Columbus is noble and impressive. The felicity with which so many forms are grouped, the emotion or its absence in the different faces, the fine harmony of coloring, and variety of costume, make the picture a delightful and satisfactory study.

There is a spirit in the world born of earnest natures, which gives rise to what may be called the poetry of action. It aims to embody heroic dreams, and prompts men to nourish great designs in secret, to leap from the crowd of passive lookers-on, and become pioneers, discoverers, and martyrs. It gives the primary impulse to reform,

* A. M. Cozzens, Esq.

lends sublime patience to scientific research, cheers the vigil and nerves the arm of him who keeps watch or wages battle for humanity. It is the spirit of Adventure. The navigators of the age of Elizabeth, and the religious innovators of a later day, knew its inspiration ; and in all times the knight, the apostle, the crusader, and the emigrant, have illustrated its power. All the momentous epochs of life and history are alive with its presence, and it glows alike in the wars of Spanish invasion, the protests of Luther, the voyages of Raleigh, the revolt of Masaniello, the experiment of Fulton, and in the heart of many a volunteer who is, at this moment, encamped beyond the Rio Grande. Leutze delights in representing Adventure. He ardently sympathizes with chivalric action and spirit-stirring events ; not the abstractly beautiful or the simply true, but the heroic, the progressive, the individual, and earnest phases of life, warm his fancy and attract his pencil. His forte is the dramatic. Events awaken his interest far more than still-life, however charming ; and the scenes he aspires to portray, instead of being calm reflections of nature, must be alive with some destiny, suggestive of a great epoch in human affairs, or palpitate with the concentrated life of one of those moments in an individual's career, when the thoughts of years converge to a focus, or shape themselves into victorious achievement. This sense of the adventurous, and vivid sympathy with what is impressive in character and memorable in history, seems to us the marked characteristic of Leutze's genius. It is manifest in all his successful efforts, and distinguishes

him from that large class of artists who are quite content with the mere beauty of a scene, and the familiar in life. If Leutze were not a painter, he certainly would join some expedition to the Rocky Mountains, thrust himself into a fiery political controversy, or seek to wrest a new truth from the arcana of science. He is a living evidence of one of Emerson's aphorisms—"there is hope in extravagance, there is none in routine." We remember hearing a brother artist describe him in his studio at Rome, engaged for hours upon a picture, deftly shifting palette, segar, and maul-stick from hand to hand, as occasion required; absorbed, rapid, intent, and then suddenly breaking from his quiet task to vent his constrained spirits in a jovial song, or a romp with his great dog, whose vociferous barking he thoroughly enjoyed; and often abandoning his quiet studies for some wild, elaborate frolic, as if a row was essential to his happiness. His very jokes partook of this bold heartiness of disposition. He scorned all ultra-refinement, and found his impulse to art not so much in delicate perception as in vivid sensation. There was ever a reaction from the meditative. His temperament is Teutonic—hardy, cordial, and brave. Such men hold the conventional in little reverence, and their natures gush like mountain streams, with wild freedom and unchastened enthusiasm. Leutze resembles Carlyle. There must be great affinity in their minds—both impress and win us through a kind of manly sincerity and courageous bearing. The paintings of the one, like the writings of the other, often violate good taste and offend us by ex-

ageration in details ; but we readily forgive such defects, because of the earnest and adventurous spirit, the exhilarating strength of will, the genuine individuality they exhibit. Both, too, eloquently teach Hero-Worship, and enlist our sympathies in behalf of those who bravely endure or calmly dare for the sake of "an idea dearer than self." Leutze has given evidence that he can illustrate some of the highest tendencies of the age. We recognize in him a prophetic rather than a retrospective genius. If true to himself, he will convey higher and more effective lessons than modern art has usually aspired to. We have painters enough who can ably depict the actual in external nature, and the ideal of beauty in the abstract ; but very few who have the energy and comprehensiveness to seize upon heroic attitudes, and make clear to the senses, as well as to the soul, that "the angel of martyrdom is brother to the angel of victory." Leutze has a heart that beats in unison with the echoes of the mountains, that swells at the thought of great deeds and exalted suffering, and can appreciate the majestic loveliness that plays, like a divine halo, around those who have deemed freedom and truth dearer than life, and vindicated their faith by deeds. We hope to see more of the great events of our own history made the subject of his labors, for we are confident that no living painter is better fitted to enter into the spirit which makes glorious our country's annals, than Emmanuel Leutze.

HUNTINGTON.

SOME fourteen years ago, within a stone's throw of the glorious old elms of New Haven, a slightly built youth, with a green shade over his eyes, was intent upon the Odes of Horace, at three o'clock in the morning. The fact in itself is nothing very extraordinary, but taken in connection with the after-career of the student, it is not without interest. The hour and the occupation certainly indicate something like earnestness of purpose ; but character is no less forcibly displayed in pastime than in toil. With what an elastic step and ringing laugh—the natural language of a sensitive and buoyant temper—he doffs, at the noonday recess, his studious mood, and how the young faces at the evening club grow expectant when his turn comes to read a paper ! They know a graphic sketch of some comrade is forthcoming, but little do they imagine as they recognize the different traits, that the juvenile ability is eventually to shape itself into artistic skill, that shall produce what is lasting and endeared. Yet one of the merry group in thus recalling the school-days of Huntington, says that even then “his soul was

filled with a love of the beautiful—and a reaching after it, was an impulsive effort of his nature.”

There is a mechanical and a spiritual element in art, a body and a soul, a certain physical dexterity, adroitness, and tact, attainable through imitative and manual power; and above and beyond this outward skill, there is an intelligent principle, a spirit, the infusion of which sublimates and makes expressive what were otherwise without significance. It is the combination and mutual development of these two principles variously modified that distinguish and characterize all products of art. Drawing, coloring, the rules of perspective, foreshortening, and *chiaro 'scuro*, are to the artist what words, sentences, and rhythm are to the writer—the vehicles and instruments of his mind. Felicity in using them is most desirable, and a good degree of mastery over them essential; but it should never be forgotten that they do not constitute, but only embody art. They may be acquired by men of industry and ordinary intelligence, and bear the same relation to art in its highest sense, that the wax preparations of an anatomical museum do to the living man. They are the material facts, and unless electrified by invention, warmed by feeling, or inspired with life, convey no mental impression, and excite no sympathy. If it were otherwise, the daguerreotype, carried to greater perfection, might supersede the limner's toil, and a musical instrument be fashioned which would take the place of vocalism. But the distinction between mind and matter, between physical and moral laws, the senses and

the soul, is absolute. Only the living, reasoning intellect, and the conscious, earnest heart, can make form, sound, or color, eloquent of truth. Mechanical ingenuity has been carried to a height, in our times, beyond the wildest imaginings of antiquity ; and yet in no age have spiritual laws, the mysterious analogies of life, the boundless aspirations and infinite needs of humanity, been more widely and intelligibly recognized. Every work of art and literature is challenged now, not merely as an object of external criticism, but with a view to its moral significance. A beautiful style, whether of painting or writing, is not suffered to conceal poverty of ideas. Words may be strung in euphonious paragraphs, figures may be correctly designed, and colors harmoniously blended, but unless they have a meaning, clear, true, and interesting, they are but listlessly viewed, and never responded to. Conformity to academic precepts is now but a negative merit. Violation of rules is sooner pardoned than looseness of conception. The progress of science, the diffusion of knowledge, and political revolutions, have revealed to the mass the difference between appearances and reality, the conventional and the genuine. Instead of elegantly-penned Spectators, we have the cogent rhetoric of Carlyle and Macaulay, and "Corn-Law Rhymes" and "Psalms of Life" are more popular than the most finished courtier verses. The casket may be elaborately polished and adorned, but its finish no longer diverts attention from the gems within ; and the brightest artillery of expression is inadequate to win the mind from the

thing expressed. The writer and the artist of our times may, therefore, congratulate himself if his works will bear this test—if the interest he inspires is born mainly of his soul, and only relatively from the implements he employs. Huntington is obviously of this school. We think little of the process by which it works, as we contemplate his pictures. The idea of a very skillful imitation of some physical quality or material fabric, does not present itself at once to the spectator. We do not instinctively set about a comparison between the objects on the canvas and their types in nature. These considerations, if they suggest themselves at all, are matters of after-thought. It is to our sympathies rather than our observation that it appeals. It aims not merely to portray fine looking men and women; but represents states of mind, conditions of feeling, phases of character. The minute exactitude of the Flemish school, and the dramatic effect of the French, are equally distant from its province. The main idea, the chief aim of its pictures, to which fidelity of detail and artistical effect are subsidiary, is to express a sentiment, and this it is which at once attracts and pervades us as we gaze. It would not amuse, dazzle, or simply please us; it teaches and inspires, by some lofty, sweet, or pious feeling, represented with unaffected grace and simplicity. Those who cannot seize at once upon this emotion, who do not find some passage of their lives, or tendency of their character, or instinct of their nature, thus brought palpably to view; who are not, as it were, mesmerized by and placed in relation

with the subject, fail to recognize what is most characteristic of this class of artists. Those who have an eye only for the picturesque, or whose notion of painting is confined to the graphic reflection of external nature, will find comparatively but little satisfaction in the fruits of such pencils; but all who delight in the beauty of the inner world, who are aware of what is latent in existence, who are wont, like the patriarch, to go forth and muse at eventide—to whom love and faith are necessary and real, will enter into the feeling, and accept the suggestions which breathe from their canvas. They are not definite, scholastic, nor vivacious and brilliant, nor yet wild and terrible, but chaste and gentle, serene and elevated; and they are so, not through any strongly marked, but through a vague and contemplative manner. It is by the atmosphere, rather than the outlines, that they impart themselves—as Charles Lamb does in a letter, or Barry Cornwall in a song—by the overflow rather than the crystallization of a mood. As there are vocalists who affect us by the feeling rather than the science of their tones, and talkers whom we delight in less for the distinct ideas they utter, than on account of the genial influence of their conversation, so there are artists whom we love less because of any energetic individuality of conception than for the refreshment of the general tone, the spirit in which they work, the melody they bring out of their themes, which never obtrude or declare themselves, but rather hint, quietly suggest, and gradually win. Such productions spring from the same source to which Hunt

ascribes poetry—a fine liability to impressions, and are directly the reverse in their origin and influence of all that is fantastic, morbid or technical. Without pretension, unaided by any mechanical trickery, like the wild flower, the air, or a bird's song, the spell is gentle, but true and sweet, and such as it is both wise and happy to feel.

A man's intellectual endowments stamp his works, but his social qualities are more influential in shaping their character. That Huntington would make an effective painter might have been confidently predicted from his talents, but what kind of a painter would depend upon his natural sympathies. Frank, generous, and wholly unaffected, the affectionate observer of his mental development could not fail to perceive that what he *believed* that he would *do*. We have spoken of his boyish propensity for association. After his studies at Hamilton College were completed, he began practically as an artist, availing himself of the instructions of a professor and the privileges of the National Academy. In conjunction with a friend, since honorably distinguished as a churchman and poet, he founded a club. At first this society was purely recreative, an agreeable safety-valve whereby our artist's inventive and overflowing humor—a quality often allied to sensibility and thoughtfulness, as Shakespeare has inimitably shown in the Prince of Denmark—found genial scope. The comedy of life, for which even the stern Michael Angelo had a keen relish, had free play when the members foregathered, and none more genially

shared and provoked the sport than Huntington. Among the members was one whose idiosyncrasies harmonized with the rites and associations of Episcopacy, or rather with Catholicism rightly understood; who loved the memory of Charles the First, and ardently recognized what was noble in the spirit of the cavaliers; to whom Advent and Lent, Passion-week and Christmas, were not mere names, but fond and sacred realities, whose inspiration has found such beautiful embodiment abroad in "Keble's Christian Year," and on this side of the water, in the poems of Croswell and Cleveland Coxe. Such was the influence that pervaded the inner circle of Huntington's associates as his gifts were verging towards maturity. It accorded with some of his early predilections, his mother's family having been Episcopalians. Hitherto he had sought the beautiful in the fields and sky, and passed from the comic to the serious as one may go from a band of gamesome companions, who "fleet the time lightly as they did in the golden age," to the vast and fair in outward nature—as Jacques left the merry courtiers of the exiled monarch for the "shade of melancholy boughs." While life was "all a feeling not yet shaped into a thought," our young artist was content to portray "A Toper Asleep," and "A Bar-room Politician," or "Ichabod Crane flogging a Scholar," clever, true to life, and abounding in that love of fun, which is one of the moods of genius. As his nature deepened from experience, he sought in landscape a wider sphere, and for months roamed about his native state, and particularly in

the vicinity of the Hudson, painting the glorious scenes near Verplanck's, the Dunderberg mountain, and views of the Rondout, at twilight and sunset. But while thus freely communing with natural beauty, he gradually yielded to a more direct and intimate agency. By the spiritual cast of his mind and the daily conversation of his friends, as well as from the vivid impressions of childhood, ideas such as immortalize the creations of Overbeck and hallow the names of Raphael and Domenichino, became familiar and dear, and he felt himself destined for a religious painter. All that had preceded was admirably calculated to promote his success. His ability, at once felt and acknowledged in landscape, and the bold and characteristic style of his portraits, were simply evidences that he possessed the requisite command both of figure and scenery, and now to these mechanical aptitudes were added the inspiration of Faith.

Two visits to Europe, where his time was chiefly passed in Rome, without making Huntington an imitator, have contributed to improve his taste, and afforded him many desirable facilities for advancing in the high and difficult range of art to which his native instincts spontaneously led. If his life is spared, we feel assured he is destined to add most worthily to the existent trophies of Christian art, for since Allston our country can boast no painter whose tone of mind and character is so well adapted for this species of excellence. As pledges of what he may do, it is only necessary to allude to his pictures of "Early Christian Prisoners," "Chris-

tiana and her Children escaping from the Valley of the Shadow of Death," "The Woman of Samaria at the Well," and "The Communion of the Sick." The latter represents the giving of the Viaticum to a Dying Christian in the primitive age. A priest is administering the consecrated bread, and a young deacon waits with the chalice. It has been said that its effect on the devout mind is hardly inferior to that produced by the celebrated "Communion of St. Jerome."

If we were to select any one picture as illustrative of the genius of Huntington, it would be "The Dream of Mercy." It is in the collection of as judicious a patron of the arts as we have yet had among us,* whose latter years, darkened as they would otherwise have been by illness and confinement, derived an interest and a beauty from his devotion to this high source of pleasure, which affords a noble example to all who have the soul to redeem trial or adorn prosperity. In this painting the sweetest fancies of the brave author of that immortal allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," are admirably concentrated. The consoling rays that glorified his imprisonment so long ago, still quiver around the face of the blest sleeper, and buoy up the wings of the angel that fills her dream. A kindred feeling broods over the work to that which charms us in Correggio's Magdalen. The idea expressed is, indeed, different. The gracefulness of Guido's "Michael triumphing over Satan," is observable in

* The late Edward L. Carey.

the winged messenger, but the expression of Mercy is heavenly. A violinist, under the influence of tender or aspiring emotion, will sometimes cause his instrument to vibrate with a thrilling accent, born not of the music he interprets, but rather the offspring of an individual feeling. Thus, in depicting "Mercy's Dream," has Huntington informed it with a sentiment of his own. If he was not thus inspired, we are totally deficient in metaphysical perception. When he had nearly finished this picture, a friend objected that he should rather have chosen his subject from Spenser than from Bunyan. The next day, the artist, by introducing a cross in the crown which the angel extends to Mercy, added a beautiful significance to the composition.

And this brings us to that mooted question which has been such a thorn in the side to conscientious but narrow minds—the true relation of Art to Religion. To deny any whatever, is absurd, as long as men gather beneath a roof, however simple, to worship ; and if we recognize in the arcades of the forest and the glory of the mountain, either the tokens of divine benignity or the unconscious praise which the universe offers to her Creator, how much more significant are the intelligent trophies of genius which his love has consecrated, when gathered to illustrate His truth ! The recoil of the world's free spirits from the civic tyranny of Papacy, has blinded too many to what is essentially good and true in her customs. When we meet the idea dissevered from all incidental prejudice, the attempt to set forth what is most touching in

the Christian faith, in melody that wraps the soul in a holy trance, or in forms and colors that bring worthily before the eye examples that cheer or soften, or purify the weary and cold affections, does it not commend itself to reason? It is in vain for a few peculiar, though it may be superior minds, to legislate for humanity. We must look at our race objectively and not merely through our individual consciousness. They are destined to receive good, not according to any partial theories, but by the observance of universal laws, by reverently consulting the wants, capacities, and principles that are traced in the very organization of man by the hand of Creative wisdom. Thus regarded, is it not obvious that through the senses we must reach the soul—that the abstract must be made real—that sensation is the channel of spirituality? Why runs there through the frame this delicate and complex web of nerves? Why do eye and ear take in impressions which stir the very fountains of emotion, and gradually mould the character? Why are brain and heart filled and electrified by art? Is it not because she is the interpreter of life, the medium through which we are more conscious everlastingly of high and vast destinies? Argue and moralize as bigots may, they cannot impugn the design of God in creating a distinct and most influential faculty in our nature, which has not merely a useful or temporary end—the sense of the beautiful. Ideality is as much a heaven-implanted element as conscientiousness. Nature's surpassing grandeur and loveliness hourly minister to it, and Art, in its

broadest and highest sense, is its legitimate manifestation. When a human voice of marvelous depth and sweetness yields to thousands a pure and rich delight, or a human hand of ideal skill traces scenes of grace and sublimity, and bequeathes the features hallowed by love or glorified by fame,—then is the worthiest praise offered to God by the right and sacred exercise of those faculties which unite mortal to angelic existence. Far, then, be from every liberal mind and feeling heart the idea that genuine art can ever profane religion, that the symbol must necessarily shroud the fact, that in seizing on any intermediate links of the golden chain which binds us to eternity, as with our frailty and limited vision we are ever fain to do, any serious alienation is threatened to what is actual in faith or desirable in sentiment. As long as we have senses, they must be represented ; and there is far less danger of our being enthralled to images or ideas of any kind than to interest, the basest and most subjugating as well as universal of idolatries.

In Huntington's aim there is something that revives to the imagination that noble band of artists who so gloriously illustrated religion in the palmy days of the church. His figures generally have the roundness which distinguishes several of the best Italian masters, and his tints are subdued and harmonized like many of the favorite pictures both of the Roman and Tuscan schools. Another incidental analogy may be found in the circumstance that in several of his pictures the same female physiognomy is discoverable. The eye is gratified, with-

out being perplexed, by a chaste tone and judicious combination of hues. His draperies do not take the place of, but only cover his forms. We recognize the bosom under the tunic and the arm within the sleeve. A striking merit in his compositions is their simplicity. Several of his happiest efforts consist of two or three figures of half-length life size—a species of painting admirably fitted to embellish the walls of our dwellings, where more ambitious specimens would be out of place. This singleness of purpose and absence of complexity in design, render his works at once intelligible, and on this account they convey a more decided, lasting, and entire impression. Take, for instance, the “Sacred Lesson.” An old man, with lofty and wrinkled brow, venerable beard, and an expression of calm and holy wisdom, is pointing to an open missal, and as he speaks—what we feel to be words of divine meaning—a beautiful girl, with an ingenuous and innocent countenance, from which beams a look of meek inquiry and sweet confidence, gazes and listens in devout attention. It is evident that to that fair creature the lesson is, indeed, sacred; and that to her teacher may be applied the description which a late poet* gives of the lover of the “Sexton’s Daughter”—

“ Yet could he temper love and meekness
With all the sacred might of law,
Dissevering gentleness from weakness,
And hallowing tenderness by awe.”

* Sterling.

Similar in kind, though various in degree, is the usual influence of Huntington's pictures. He does not always do himself justice, and his sketches are often more illustrative of his taste than his elaborate paintings. In characterizing his style we alluded to his best efforts, and the evident tendency of his mind. They breathe a spirit which, in this busy and eager country, amid the warfare of trade and politics, seems to us peculiarly desirable. When, from the anxious mart or the thronged arena, the American citizen retires to his home, the exciting battle-pieces of Salvator or the festive scenes of the Flemish limners, however admirable in themselves, bring not precisely the refreshment he needs, and which art can so genially bestow. It is well for his eye to rest upon some aspect of humanity calmer and more exalted. It is needful that the privacy of his domestic retreat should be hallowed by images of serene truth, indicative of repose and hope—not that “stick at nothing, Herodias-daughter kind of grace,” but tranquil, contemplative subjects, “the brow all wisdom and the lips all love.” The pleasurable and soothing contrasts thus afforded between life and art, the holy efficiency of the latter in cooling the fevered pulse and awakening the heart to better aims and a nobler faith, are finely illustrated by painters who, like the subject of this notice, seem to whisper from the glowing canvas—“to be spiritually minded is life eternal.” And these silent guests, with their beautiful teachings, their unobtrusive inspiration, their familiar grace, make the loneliest room a

temple, and yield some of the choicest joys of society, without the chilliness of etiquette or the wearisome demands of vanity. Like Ophelia and Cordelia, they put us on a sweet track of musing ; and if it be true, as has been said, that the strength of virtue is serenity of mind, the artists who work in this spirit are genuine priests of humanity and oracles of God.

DEAS.

THE gardens of the desert, as one of our poets calls the prairies, constitute a peculiar feature of American scenery. To an experienced foreigner the great charm which invites a pilgrimage to this continent, is the interesting spectacle afforded by primeval nature, and the juxtaposition of civilized and savage life, so richly in contrast with scenes familiar in the Old World. If there be any legitimate foundation for a literature essentially American, it is doubtless referable to like sources. A man of genius, with keen powers of observation, who came over in one of the earliest steamers that crossed the Atlantic, complained to us, after a few weeks' residence in Boston, that he could discover nothing characteristic or original, except the eloquence of a well known sailors' preacher. He could scarcely realize that he was not in an English provincial town. The stranger's disappointment ceased at once when he found himself in the Far West. There life assumed a new aspect, and nature presented striking phases. He received what he earnestly sought—vivid and lasting impressions. There was a moral excitement

awakened quite different from the luxurious dreams he had known on the shores of the Bosphorus, the mental stimulus derived from the intellectual circles of London, and the suggestions of art and antiquity in Italy. He saw, for the first time, majestic rivers flowing through almost interminable woods ; seas of verdure decked with bright and nameless flowers ; huge cliffs covered with gorgeous autumnal drapery, and resembling the ruined castles he had beheld in northern Europe. Nor was this new experience confined to the externally picturesque. He became acquainted with the hunter and the Indian. The guest of a frontier garrison, he heard the cry of wolves, while sharing the refined hospitality of the drawing-room ; and often passed from the intelligent companionship of an accomplished officer to the lodge of an aboriginal chief. He witnessed the grave bearing of a forest-king and the infernal orgies of a whole intoxicated tribe. The venerable sachem, the graceful squaw, the lithe young warrior ; the war chant, the council fire and the hunter's camp, furnished ample materials to his senses and imagination.

It is somewhat remarkable that a field so peculiar to our country has not been more ardently explored by native artists and authors. There is nothing in the life of our cities which may be deemed original. Their comparative youth renders them far less suggestive than those of Europe, where a greater variety of elements, and a more intense social being create ever new sources of inspiration. We are educated under the same influences

as our English progenitors. Their poets and philosophers are ours also, and have their prototypes among us. In fact, the general culture is the same, and it is in our border life alone that we can find the materials for national development, as far as literature and art are concerned. Yet the greater part of what has yet been done in America in the way of writing and painting, echoes the past, instead of representing a new present or foreshadowing a great future. We are not advocating originality as alone desirable; on the contrary, a good poem in the style of Pope, a fine essay in the diction of Addison, or a portrait after the manner of Sir Joshua, for us have each their intrinsic interest, wherever produced. We can see no reason to complain of our artists and writers, if the scenes or the sentiments they illustrate have no peculiar "native American" zest, provided they are in themselves noble and lovely. There is, indeed, no little cant prevailing on this subject, and it is absurd to expect from a mind educated in one of our northern cities, any other than a Saxon development. Greater freedom of thought, a bolder reach of speculation should, indeed, distinguish men of talent in a republic; and there are a few local traits of climate and scenery which our poets should chronicle; but, as a general rule, our tastes are formed on the same models as those of England, and our mental characteristics are identical with the race whence we sprung. It is with reference to the frequent complaints of the want of transatlantic appreciation, that we allude to this question. It is unreasonable to expect

that any great interest will be excited abroad in the fruits either of the pen or pencil here, except so far as the subjects are novel, or the execution superlatively great. Tales of frontier and Indian life—philosophic views of our institutions—the adventures of the hunter and the emigrant—correct pictures of what is truly remarkable in our scenery, awaken instant attention in Europe. If our artists or authors, therefore, wish to earn trophies abroad, let them seize upon themes essentially American. The young artist named at the head of this paper has acted on this principle. Those who are accustomed to look occasionally into the rooms of the Art Union in New-York, cannot fail to have seen from time to time, very spirited representations of Indian or hunter life. There is a wildness and picturesque truth about many of these specimens, in remarkable contrast to the more formal and hackneyed subjects around them. We remember one, in particular, of an Indian maiden standing on a rock, and gazing forth upon an immense prairie, her figure relieved against the evening sky, and her whole air full of the poetry of grief. One could have surmised the tale at once. She had been abandoned by her lover, and was about to cast herself from that precipice. There she stood alone, calm and voiceless, watching the sun go down—as she had often done beside the faithless object of her devotion. Another represented a Pawnee galloping on an unshorn and unbridled horse across the prairie. Its authenticity was self-evident, and every thing about the rider and his steed in perfect keeping.

The maternal grandfather of Charles Deas was Ralph Izard, whose recently-published correspondence honorably identifies him with our Revolutionary history. His promising descendant was born in Philadelphia in 1818, and received his education from the lamented John Sanderson. His first ideas of art were derived from some good copies of the old masters belonging to his family, and from a habit acquired very early, of diverting himself by drawing at school on a slate, and modeling little horses in beeswax at home. He possessed great sensibility to color. According to phrenologists, this depends upon organization, and facts warrant the inference. A striking difference is observable in individuals, both in regard to the correctness of their natural perceptions, and the feeling they have in this regard. The remark of a blind man when asked his idea of scarlet, that it was like the sound of a trumpet, is well known, and indicates how much reality there is in such impressions. It was one of the earliest delights of Deas to note the mysteries of color, and trace the manner in which the brilliancy of one is heightened by the gravity of another. To one who has the soul of a painter, the effects of light and shade are a world in which it is as pleasant for him to expatiate as for a soldier in military tactics or a bard in the intricacies of the heart. Visits to the old Pennsylvania Academy, to Sully's rooms, and loiterings on holiday afternoons before the print-shop windows in Chesnut-street; drawings from casts of the antique, and experiments in portraying his playmates,

were among the significant tendencies of our painter's boyhood. His views, however, from the first, were directed with enthusiasm towards a military life, and upon leaving school he went to live on the Hudson, and prepared himself to enter the Military Academy there situated. Meantime, however, his leisure was wholly given to exploring expeditions amid the beautiful scenery by which he was surrounded. His constitution thus became inured to fatigue, his eye practiced in the observation of nature, and his dormant artistic propensities fostered into new vigor. He was a zealous sportsman, and found his purest enjoyment when wandering equipped with gun, fishing-rod, and sketch-book. This independent existence alternating with periods of secluded application, was finely adapted to harmonize his character. Having failed in obtaining an appointment as a cadet, he immediately turned his whole attention to the art of painting, and sought to enlarge and deepen his scenic impressions by a tour to the head waters of the Delaware and through the magnificent scenery of the White Hills. A year or two were then given to the study of his profession, under the auspices of the National Academy, and to improving fellowship with other artists. The era of manhood brought with it a revelation to the moral nature of the student, and he learned to recognize the authority of the higher sentiments. His first successful picture illustrated a frequent local scene, familiar to the denizens of the Hudson. It was called the "Turkey Shoot," and was so graphically delineated as at once to hit the fancy of a

genuine Knickerbocker whose ancestors were among the early colonists, who became its purchaser. The next year he exhibited a variety of cabinet pictures, drawn chiefly from familiar life, which met with more or less success. "Hudibras engaging the bear-baiters," "Walking the Chalk," "Shoeing a horse by lamplight," &c., were among the subjects.

With the tastes and habits we have described, it is not difficult to fancy the effect produced upon the mind of Deas by the sight of Catlin's Indian Gallery. Here was a result of art, not drawn merely from academic practice or the lonely vigils of a studio, but gathered amid the freedom of nature. Here were trophies as eloquent of adventure as of skill, environed with the most national associations, and memorials of a race fast dwindling from the earth. With what interest would after-generations look upon these portraits, and how attractive to European eyes would be such authentic "counterfeit presentments" of a savage people, about whose history romance and tradition alike throw their spells! To visit the scenes whence Catlin drew these unique specimens of art, to study the picturesque forms, costumes, attitudes, and grouping of Nature's own children; to share the grateful repast of the hunter, and taste the wild excitement of frontier life, in the very heart of the noblest scenery of the land, was a prospect calculated to stir the blood of one with a true sense of the beautiful, and a natural relish for woodcraft and sporting. A brother of the artist was attached to the fifth infantry, then stationed

at Fort Crawford, and in the spring of 1840 he left New-York for that distant port. By the lake route he reached Mackinaw—one of the most romantic spots in the country—and here for the first time he saw genuine sons of the wilderness, many of the Chippewa tribe being encamped on the beach. He thence proceeded to Green Bay, through the interior of Wisconsin, by Fort Winnebago and Fox Lake, to his destination at Prairie du Chien. Besides a happy meeting with his brother, he was cordially received here by his messmates. General Brooke was at that time commanding in the northwest, and through his influence and that of the gentlemen connected with the Fur companies, he was enabled to collect sketches of Indians, frontier scenery, and subjects of agreeable reminiscence and picturesque incident, enough to afford material for a life's painting. Keokuk, the great chief and orator of the Sacs and Foxes, was at Fort Crawford holding a council with the Winnebagoes. The assemblage and their proceedings were very imposing. The Sacs were endeavoring to "cover the blood" of a young man of the other tribe who had been killed some time previously. They tendered a considerable sum of money, which was at last accepted by the opposite party. The Sacs and Foxes were living in tents allowed them from the fort, in an enclosure attached to the palisades. A relative of the deceased object of the conclave, wishing to insult Keokuk, took advantage of the absence of most of the party, to crawl up under the shelter of a fence in the rear of his tent where he was seated in state. The

costume of the venerable chief was superb, a tiara of panther and raven skin adorning his head. The intruding Winnebago quietly lifted the canvas of the tent, and suddenly tearing this gear from the old man's person and scattering it over the mats, retreated as he came, before the sentry could arrest him. This insult to their leader produced many serio-comic scenes, and gave Deas a fine opportunity to observe the expression of Indian character. Keokuk maintained a dignified silence, but the gloomy light of his eye betokened how keenly he felt the mortification. His enraged spouse was by no means so calm. Her imprecations caused an outcry which called out the officer of the day, and it was long before the storm was quelled. The scene afforded striking pictures of Indian character. The new post of Fort Atkinson, fifty miles west of Crawford, was also visited. The picturesque appearance of the cabins and tents, the novel mode of life in the open air, the excellence of the grouse-shooting on the route, the success of which was enhanced by the perfect training of the pointers, rendered the trip delightful, and furnished some camp incidents for the sketch-book. After his return to the "Prairie," a command was sent to the "Painted Rock" to attend a payment of the Winnebagoes. Here the artist saw the natives to advantage in their every-day life. Every moment of the excursion was replete with interest. The party ascended the river in a Mackinaw boat. Several Indians were allowed to come on board, one of whom is quite a character, known by the sobriquet of "Two

Shillings," which he obtained by his adroitness in procuring quarters of dollars from visitors at Washington, while there on a deputation. The scenes witnessed at this payment would require a volume to do them justice. Sickness in all its stages was there, from the first listlessness of ague to the raging madness of high fever. All were attacked, from the mother with her first-born to the aged crone, from the venerable sachem to the young warrior. In passing from lodge to lodge, the most extraordinary incidents presented themselves; and in the stillness of the moonlit nights, the echoes of the Indian lover's flute blent with the battle chant or the maiden's shrill song.

On another occasion, Deas left the hospitable walls of Fort Crawford to accompany an expedition into the interior of Iowa, and penetrated the country as far as the east branch of the Des Moines river. While absent, besides enjoying fine sport, he enriched his portfolio, and thus ended with renewed gratification his first summer in the West. Prairie du Chien, at this period, was almost a French village, and the lively manners of the inhabitants, their races and other out-of-door amusements, during the fine autumn weather, afforded new subjects of observation. The groups of half-breeds, Indians, and voyageurs, always to be found about the trading houses and fur depôts, realized all that an artist needs in the way of frontier costume and manners. In the winter of 1840-41, he visited Fort Winnebago, went down on the ice to Rock river, and returned to paint the likenesses of

the prominent members of the tribe. He again visited the new post, the surgeon's room being his studio. The ensuing summer he made a tour to Fort Snelling and the upper Mississippi—painted a view of St. Anthony's Falls, and several of the fine-looking Sioux in the vicinity. The latter enterprise was attended with some difficulty. The Indians, believing that the governor had sent a "medicine man" to carry away a portion of their visible bodies with a view to the utter destruction of the tribe, refused to sit. Tommah, a great conjurer, was at last induced to submit to the ordeal after much persuasion, and the others soon followed his example. Deas remained a week or two on a beautiful sloping prairie, dotted with the conical lodges of the race of Indians who make such regions their home. Here he saw some admirable specimens of the human form, and witnessed the celebrated ball-play in its perfection, each man appearing in a gala dress and painted from head to foot. There were also dog feasts, rice feasts, dances, songs, and recitations by the old men of their principal exploits in war. The occasion was the ratification of a treaty, and called out all the display of which the Indians were capable. At a subsequent period, our artist joined the command under Major Wharton, ordered to proceed from Fort Leavenworth to the Pawnee villages on the Platte river.

It will be seen from what has preceded, what extensive opportunities he has enjoyed in the sphere which he has chosen for the exercise of his talents. If it be true, as

is maintained by many advocates, that Nature is the best guide, and that the poet and the painter are most successful who throw themselves heartily into her embrace, who are jealous of the encroachments of authority, and seek mainly to reproduce what they see and feel, independent of the dictation of schools and public opinion, we may justly look for some rich and peculiar results from the youthful experience of this artist. He is now established at St. Louis, and it is gratifying to add, from his own testimony, that he has there found all that a painter can desire in the patronage of friends and general sympathy and appreciation. Among the subjects which have recently occupied him are "Long Jake," designed to embody the character of the mountain hunter; the "Indian Guide," whose prototype was a venerable Shawnee who accompanied Major Wharton; "The Wounded Pawnee;" "The Voyageur," "The Trapper," two illustrations from the history of "Wenona;" "A Group of Sioux," and "Hunters on the Prairie." The most important epic subject which has engaged his attention is taken from the life of General Clarke, of Kentucky; it is the meeting of the council of the Shawnees at North Bend, when by his firmness he saved the frontier from the horrors of an Indian war. There is now on his easel a picture entitled "The Last Shot," founded on an incident which occurred immediately after the late battle of Rio Grande—the parties being Captain Walker and a Ranchero. Art, it will be seen,

is not without its representatives in the Far-West ; and diverse as is the school from those of Europe, it has its own permanent interest, and one which, we trust, will be more and more worthily recognized and illustrated.

FLAGG.

To an observant eye the metropolis of New-York is an epitome of the Old World. One can there discover some hint or vestige, some emblem of all the nations of the earth. When we hear a returned traveller sigh for Europe, we lament that his imagination is so inactive; for were it otherwise, he would find in his daily walks objects to rouse the dormant associations of his pilgrimage, and transport him in fancy to the scenes he regrets. Herein have the poet and artist their advantage. In that grand fable of the division of the earth, after Jupiter had given his share to each applicant, the bard came forward, and there was no alternative but to assign him the freedom of the whole universe. If fortune was denied, all nature became tributary to his soul. Hence one of the race complacently exclaims, as it were in the very face of the world—"You cannot shut the windows of the sky!" and seems quite content that it is permitted him to look through them. We fell into this train of musing after leaving Flagg's room, one clear, warm day last autumn. He was just putting the finishing touches to

a picture which took our eyes and heart at once, and the impression lingered very sweetly for hours after. This, by the way, is no inadequate test of the life in a work of art, though not of its abstract merit. We once heard a celebrated poet say that memory was the best crucible in which to assay verse. Whatever possessed any of the divine afflatus, he declared, knit itself into the web of his reminiscences, so that a really fine bit of rhyme became a part of his intellectual vitality, and rose and fell on the tide of reflection like a water-lily, sometimes o'ershadowed by a cloud of care or drooping in the heat of daily strife, but, ever and anon, raising and opening its pure and fragrant leaves to refresh his vacant mood. The subject of Flagg's picture was quite familiar to all who daily pass along Broadway, and yet to him only did it offer itself in a picturesque and suggestive light—as a thing to rescue from the crowd and embody in outline and colour, and light and shade, and so enshrine as a type of the beautiful, a fragment of life the contemplation of which might touch the chords of feeling, and make audible some latent strain of melancholy sweetness. It was the "Mouse Boy," that little brown varlet who begs for pennies and shows his white mice, which he carries about in a small box strapped to his neck. A juvenile countryman of the discoverer of this continent demurely vagabondizing in its principal city, assuredly savors of the romantic; but Flagg enriched his model by deepening the eyes with Italian sensibility, and casting into the attitude and over the face that winsome and beaming tranquillity—that

dolce far niente, so southern, so infectious—the luxurious repose upon one's own sensations, to be felt rather than seen, as if the balmly sunshine of his native Genoa lay soft around the indolent urchin, and the blue Mediterranean was spreading to cradle the azure reflected from above, before his enamored gaze ! There is an admirable simplicity in the design. The boy is seated upon a rock, his box upon his knee, and the left elbow very naturally resting on its lid, while over the back of the outstretched hand the mouse runs playfully along. The tone of the coloring is very harmonious, the position altogether graceful and easy, and the impression of the picture at once natural and pleasing. There is a class of subjects between the high ideal and the homely true, where the simplicity of mere nature is a kind of basis for sentiment, which are admirably calculated to enlist universal sympathy. The effect of such painting upon the mind is something like that of the poetry of Burns. Jeannie Deans and the heroine of the *Promessi Sposi* are characters which assimilate to the range of which we speak, in fiction. Murillo finely represents it in art. If we look upon one of his Madonnas—not as a Holy Family, but only as a mother and her child—their exquisite nature is enchanting, although as poetical or religious conceptions they disappoint ; but there is a genuine humanity, a real natural beauty about them which excites love in the same proportion that more elevated compositions awaken veneration. This picture of Flagg's belongs essentially to the same school. It aptly combines nature with senti-

ment, and thus gives a true glimpse of what may be called the poetry of humble life. It is evident that this artist excels in subjects like these. We hope he will devote himself more earnestly to them. The picture which gained him the most reputation abroad was of a similar description—the “Match Girl.” It was just the thing which the countrymen of Gainsborough could instantly appreciate. Let Flagg work at this vein faithfully, and the result cannot be otherwise than highly satisfactory. He has proved in the picture we have noticed, that he can at happy moments throw aside the dry style of color to which he was formerly addicted, and emancipate himself from the trammels of imitation. He has labored under the disadvantage of having been a prodigy, for as a boy-painter he was the pet of the Bostonians, after a surfeit of injudicious though very natural admiration at the south, where his juvenile portrait of Bishop England excited no little wonder. As was to be expected, the youth soon began to work under the influence of love of approbation too exclusively to effect any thing genuine. Fortunately he soon became a pupil of his uncle, Washington Allston, and enjoyed the inestimable privilege of that master’s example and affectionate instructions for two three years. He was by his side when he painted “Spalatro and Schedoni,” and used to watch him as he started back from the canvas and threw himself into the attitude of the figure he was designing—which was his constant habit, and a fine illustration of nervous sympathy—the engagement of the whole man, body and soul, in his work.

At the same period he painted "Rosalie," and Flagg is a witness to the fact that the inimitable head of that sweet creation was finished, contrary altogether to Allston's usual practice, in three hours.

The designs of Flaxman first revealed to Flagg the necessity of study, and the conversation of his gifted relative gradually opened to his view the immense treasures and far-reaching agencies of his profession. He frequently accompanied Allston in his walks, and the latter availed himself of every note-worthy object and impressive incident to urge some high or touching lesson. Especially did he endeavor to bring home to the feelings of his pupil the religious tendencies of Art, and to make him realize the need of aspiration, as an element of all greatness and exalted success. He stayed his inconsiderate criticisms, and on one occasion, wrote a beautiful little poem, expressly to charge his nephew's memory with the result of his own experience—that mere pleasure sought for its own sake, was thoroughly unsatisfactory to an elevated mind. He described to him, when the labors of the day were over, the characters of the interesting men he had met abroad, and portrayed to his imagination, as only an artist can, the beautiful women he had seen. Such was the education of Flagg, a rare and enviable one, considering its superiority to that which ordinarily attends the early life of our painters. Among the efforts of his novitiate, still remembered, are "A boy listening to a Ghost story from the lips of a Hag," and a young Greek. At length he

produced "Jacob and Rachel at the Well," which evinced such merit that Allston said, "Now you may consider yourself an artist." A full length of a boy, exhibited at New-York, caused him to be elected an honorary member of the National Academy; and a cabinet portrait of Madame Pico, in the character of Cenerentola, with Venetian architecture in the back-ground, won him favorable notice during the late successful operatic season. A picture of the "Murder of the Princes," from Richard III., had before procured him the liberal support of Laman Read, through whose assistance he visited Europe, and gave three years to intercourse with artists and the study of the best works abroad. Flagg has suffered from ill health, and his efforts have been unequal, and often wholly subservient to temporary necessities. In view, however, of the remarkable advantages he has enjoyed, and that maturity which only experience can bring, we cannot but look upon the happier specimens of his ability to which we have referred, as pledges of yet more consistent exertions, such as will amply vindicate the promise of his boyhood and the fame of his lineage.

G. L. BROWN.

AMONG the safety-valves of youthful enthusiasm, in regard to which almost every man of ardent fancy boasts agreeable reminiscences, is the dramatic mania. In literary cities, like Edinburgh and Boston, where the animal spirits incident to early life are prone to exhaust themselves on intellectual objects, dramatic clubs once formed a great resource to schoolboys, collegians, and apprentices. Popular lectures and mercantile associations have now given a different and more desirable turn to aspirations of this nature ; but the widely-acknowledged talent of one of our best landscape painters received its first decided impulse at one of these juvenile fraternities. He had entered into the objects of the club with all the cordiality and singleness of purpose which belong to artistic organizations. It was not, however, the illusions of the stage that attracted him, but the field thus opened for gratifying an instinctive love of those combinations, laws, and effects which are understood by the term Art. He was found to be a most serviceable ally, with an extraordinary aptitude and unlimited will, being equally efficient and

cheerful whether enacting Julius Cæsar, manufacturing thunder, or painting a scene. The latter occupation, however, proved by far the most interesting, and the idea of being destined for a painter first broke like sunshine upon his mind, amid the loud plaudits of his comrades at the appearance of the long-expected and—in their view—miraculous drop. “As if it were by libraries, academies,” exclaims Carlyle, “the dead force of other men, that the living force of a new man is to be brought forth into victorious clearness!” He alludes to the triumphs of genius over circumstance in the instance of Burns, or rather to the divine capacity of genius to elicit its own education from life, however unpropitious. This anecdote of Brown’s youth illustrates how slight and accidental are the events which awaken boundless intimations in gifted minds. The design was no sooner conceived than every hour’s reflection confirmed his purpose. He thought with satisfaction upon the habits acquired too early for their date to be traced, and of which he all at once became for the first time conscious—of drawing, upon slates and paper, objects and incidents that caught his attention, and especially a certain vague delight he had ever taken in the tints of costume, vegetation, and skies. These facts of consciousness assured him that he did not err in believing that his permanent satisfaction was to be sought in artist-life. The only available method of commencing his enterprise that presented itself was that of offering his services to a wood-engraver. It was requisite that he should quiet the protests of his relatives against what they

considered his perverse indifference to several eligible schemes by which his respectable subsistence would be made certain, by uniting with the study of art a lucrative employment. At this time a demand for illustrated books, especially those intended for children and popular use, had manifested itself, and several of the Boston publishers had issued favorable specimens. To these gentlemen, after a year's apprenticeship to an engraver on wood, young Brown applied for employment. His labors appear to have given much more satisfaction to his patrons than to himself, but he sought alleviation from the monotony of his workshop by excursions into the country, and haunting every studio where he could obtain admittance, and finally by experiments in oil. His first complete essay of the latter kind was executed in the room of a portrait-painter who had won some influential friends among the lovers of the arts. It here arrested the eye of a gentleman, who was struck with a certain boldness and feeling it displayed, notwithstanding very obvious indications of want of practice. His interest was greatly increased when assured that it was a first attempt. He at once purchased the landscape, and sought an introduction to the painter, whose views he professed himself heartily disposed to promote. Brown's wishes were then confined to a visit to Europe. Without experience, full of hope, and quite uninformed as to the actual demands of life and of art, he cherished vague but delightful ideas of artist-life in the Old World. As the poor son of Erin expected to tread upon dollars the moment his foot touched Amer-

ican soil, our deluded painter fondly deemed that in the land of Raphael, or Rubens, recognition and success awaited but his presence. To understand the extent of this feeling, and the dreamy basis of his buoyant expectations, it is enough to say that when asked what sum would enable him to execute his project, he instantly named one hundred dollars. The benevolent merchant, whose sympathies had been enlisted alike by his enthusiasm and his wants, stared a little at this reply, and inquired what he proposed to do on arriving the other side of the Atlantic. "Be an artist, sir," said Brown, confidently. His friend gave him the required sum, with an ominous shake of the head and his best wishes, and Brown ran, quite wild with joy, and paid seventy-five dollars at once, to the captain of a brig bound to Antwerp, for his passage. But a few hours remained for the young adventurer to complete his arrangements and take leave of his friends. He did not allow himself to suffer the discouraging observations which every one volunteered, to subdue his elation, or change for an instant his purpose. He felt that confidence which sometimes seems to be divinely imparted, and no distrust of the future beguiled him from hopeful visions. He had labored for several of the freshest years of his existence with scarcely a word or look of sympathy; he saw no promising ray in the horizon about him; the objects and spirit of his acquaintance were alien to his own, and he longed to thrust himself forth into the great world, to escape from the limits of routine, and to cast off the bonds of local prejudice.

He had formed a sweet alliance with Nature, and there was a companionship in the works of great artists, more sustaining than that of ungenial fellow-beings. To such influences he would courageously trust himself; he believed they would console him for a separation from kindred and country. Anticipations, too, of a return under happier circumstances, lent brightness to his musings; and in fancy, he beheld himself welcomed with a respect quite in contrast to the half-pitiful God-speed with which he had been sent on his way. One little scene attendant upon his departure is too ludicrous to be omitted. At the last moment, he discovered that it was expected of each passenger to provide his own mattrass. He went on shore to make the purchase, and being in haste, as well as economically inclined, followed the eastern custom, and carried his own bed. It was towards dusk that thus burdened, he made his way through the principal streets of his native city, encountering as he went several members of the dramatic club, of whom he had taken leave in the morning, and whose doubts of his sanity the encounter by no means lessened. His voyage was a period of frequent and complete enjoyment. The firmament and the deep had never been so entirely revealed to him, and many impressions were then unconsciously obtained which have subsequently enriched his canvas, as at early morning, sunset, and midnight, he watched the changeful tints of the ocean, or the blending lights of the sky. From reveries like these, the process of unlading the vessel all at once aroused him. The generous captain surmised his

lonely and destitute condition, and with great delicacy tendered him what assistance he could. Now the vicissitudes he had braved were at length clearly perceived. He felt that he was a stranger and poor, and as he slowly walked up from the pier, began seriously to wonder at his own improvidence.

The few succeeding months of his life would furnish hints enough for a popular novelist to construct many attractive chapters. With his powers of observation and endurance continually exercised, and his moments of enthusiasm alternating with hours of keen anxiety, he lingered in the neighborhood of Antwerp until the friendly captain sailed. That true-hearted mariner, who seemed to the lonely painter to carry with him the last visible bond which united him to home, was his companion in an excursion to the field of Waterloo, and his pioneer to some novel illustrations of life in the Lowlands. Brown passed many hours daily in the cathedral—the first grand specimen of religious architecture he had seen, and one which at his age, and under the peculiar circumstances of his visit, made a deep and lasting impression. The pictures of Ruysdale also gave him singular delight, and awakened a new series of ideas in regard to his art. He could not, however, indulge these tastes with equanimity, while his small resources were rapidly dwindling, and not the smallest chance of profitable occupation or hospitality offered itself to his now sobered imagination. He determined, therefore, to embark at once for London, and arrived there almost penniless. After a few weeks' resi-

dence, which he improved as far as his scanty means would allow, he availed himself of the timely assistance of a countryman, and went to Paris, with a view of copying in the Louvre. The merchant who had befriended him in Boston, authorized him, at his departure, to send the first products of his industry to his address. Accordingly, he had no sooner finished a few pictures, than they were carefully transmitted. Meantime, Brown shared the humble apartment of a brother artist, and for several days lived upon bread and water. While in suspense as to the result of his experiment, he could not afford even to purchase the materials of his art, and wandered along the Boulevards and through the gardens of the brilliant metropolis, often in a state of feverish anxiety, yet ever and anon beguiled from a sense of his isolated and impoverished condition, by a rare engraving at a shop window, or a beautiful effect of light and shade, evolved from illuminated shrubbery, dazzling fountain, or moonlit architecture. He could have obtained pecuniary aid, by merely stating his wants, from more than one pleasant comrade, but with the pride natural to his cherished aims, he manfully preferred to suffer privations awhile, rather than extend his obligations beyond the kind but poor artist whose lodging he shared. When more than sufficient time had elapsed, however, for a response to his application, he began to feel that heart-sickness which is born of hope deferred; and one lovely day in spring, he rose from one of the benches of the Tuileries, and ended a gloomy reverie by a determination to seek, for the last time, the bank-

er to whom his letters were to be addressed, and if again disappointed, to proceed on foot to Havre, and beg or work his passage to America. With a thrill of joy, he found warm acknowledgments from the merchant awaiting him. The pictures had proved more than satisfactory, and remittances adequate to liquidate his small debt, and provide for his immediate necessities, had been placed to his credit.

Let us now pass over a few years. It was a beautiful autumn noon, and the many churches of Boston had poured poured forth the throngs of their respective worshipers. Two young men stood at the end of Long Wharf, gazing upon the waters of the harbor. They approached and recognized each other. "Why are you here?" asked one. "In certain moods I find a peculiar refreshment in beholding the sea. In view of these vessels and that bay, I easily recall the pleasant hours of my life abroad, and it is sometimes grateful to realize how near at hand is the medium by which, if my dearest wishes fail at home, I may pass to a distant land endeared by association, and redolent of promise." "What a singular coincidence!" exclaimed his companion: "you have given expression to the very feeling which pervaded my mind, though it had not assumed a distinct shape. I have seen just enough of foreign scenes to feel their inspiration. Under the pressure of want, I knew amid them a flow of ideas, a consciousness of sympathy, and a vivid ambition, which I am confident, in more auspicious circumstances, would have called forth all my latent ability, and won me a reputation in my art; but I returned, from necessity,

prematurely, and have since learned, from bitter experience, that 'a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.' The old feeling will not come back, although I labor assiduously ; the mechanical triumphs over the spiritual. I wait in vain for orders. I miss the brotherhood, the high examples, the free life, the artistic influences of Europe ; and yet I cannot, if I would, chill the spirit which my present life renders dormant, but not dead. You remember how Corinne felt in England ? I am in a like condition. What skill is mine as a mere draughtsman remains, but the power of improvisation in colors seems blighted. The technical eclipses the spontaneous." "This is all quite intelligible to me," answered the other, "although I have never seen your works. Is there no feasible method of accomplishing your desire ?" "None that I can imagine, except obtaining commissions—and Allston, to whom I went for that encouragement he so readily administers, last night, told me that my copy of one of Claude's landscapes was the best he ever saw." "Do you think he would put that in writing ?" "Undoubtedly." "Bring such a certificate to me on the morrow, and we will see what can be done." The result of this colloquy was that the endorsement of the great painter was brought to the notice of several wealthy citizens, who had a taste for adorning their houses with authentic memorials of the old masters, and whose patriotism inclined them to support native talent. Articles setting forth Brown's project were inserted in some of the leading journals, and in less than a month he was on his way

to Italy, with a reasonable advance on the price demanded for two or three copies of Claude Loraine's masterpieces. He found himself at work in a Roman palace, with just sufficient to carry him through the winter. Incited alike by gratitude and hope, he toiled long and faithfully, and, for half a year, carried his picture to and fro daily between the gallery and his lodgings. While giving the finishing touches, it caught the eye of a Baltimore gentleman of fortune, who had accidentally visited the collection; an acquaintance ensued, and Brown's anxieties for the future were put asleep by a draft for a thousand dollars, to be invested according to his own taste in the fruits of his expressive pencil.

For the last six years Brown has resided in Florence, where he is at present established. During this time he has painted sixty landscapes, and those not executed in fulfilment of particular orders, have met with a ready sale among the traveling English and his own countrymen. The greater portion of these works are compositions, many of them representing felicitous combinations of Italian scenery. The fir-tree, the tower of the middle ages, the picturesque bridge, the fragmentary aqueduct, the *contadina* at the fountain, the cross by the wayside, and other objects, are indeed sufficiently familiar to the lover of art, and form a kind of staple imagery for the traveler's portfolio. A bolder outline, greater freedom and richness of coloring, and a more expressive tone, however, give Brown's treatment of these subjects a peculiar charm. They appeal, under his hand, more

earnestly to our associations; and yet we are far from regarding his style as faultless. Sometimes there is a too obvious striving for effect; the tints have a certain prominence, something like those of gorgeous tapestry, and the light is not enough subdued. His efforts, too, are quite unequal, and he wants practice in the figure. But these are rather erroneous tendencies than radical imperfections. More study will not fail to correct them. On his return last autumn, on a visit for a few weeks, he brought some excellent specimens of his ability, which were very generally admired, and gained rapidly upon public estimation, the more they were contemplated. Among them were two moonlight scenes in Venice, of rare beauty. One in particular gave with admirable truth that peculiar density of the sky so remarkable in Italy, on a summer night after a storm, when the moon appears to sail far out from the infinite depths of the blue concave, and silver the edges of the massive clouds below. At a proper distance the illusion of this view is absolutely startling, and one who can recognize its local fidelity, feels a thrill of solemn delight such as once transported him when gazing upon the heavens thus illumined from the piazza San Marco. Critics objected that the pigments were laid on too heavily, but none looked upon the landscape unmoved, and not a few acknowledged that it was the best southern moonlight they had ever seen upon canvas.

Happiness is distinguished from mere pleasure by the fact that in that state we repose upon sensation. If we

analyze in our memories the enchantment of genuine delight, it will be found that a wish indefinitely to prolong the mood or condition, an invincible dread that the spell may be broken, a tranquil but intense absorption of consciousness, is the distinctive trait by which real enjoyment may be known from artificial. At such a moment our being is harmonized; there is a sweet blending of the elements of life; it is what Campbell means by "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below," and Croly by "passion made essential," and Coleridge by the realization of "gentle wishes long subdued, subdued and cherished long." In the clear perception of truth, in communion with nature, in what the devotional mean by peace, the moralists by integrity of soul, and the lover by recognition, the feeling we would suggest is involved. It is the settling of the quivering balance, the ultimate swell of the choir, the mellowness of the full noontide, the entire calm that succeeds both excitement and reaction—in a word, that completeness, satisfaction, content, which, like the calm glow of autumn, seems to fill all conscious desire, and hush the pleadings of expectancy, without inducing any of the stagnation of indifference. Politicians talk of a balance of power; there is an equilibrium of soul somewhat analogous. In literature and art a quality similar to this moral condition obtains. It is to such works what temperament is in individuals—the subtle principle uniting mechanical and spiritual attributes. Thus we talk of books that soothe and books that inspire. Byron says, "high mountains are a feel-

ing.” The corresponding effect in the creations of genius is that which appeals to the soul—not referable to outline, form, or perspective, but evolved from or mysteriously combined with these. It is the indefinite charm of art and character, the magnetism and not the anatomy of things. No phase of nature so thoroughly represents the idea as atmosphere. Indeed, the use of this term in regard to persons and places, is the best proof of its significance, and the genius of landscape-painting is most perfectly exhibited by successfully reproducing its magic. Claude’s peculiar merit lies in this very achievement. As he watched the sunsets from the Pincian mount, he not only saw but felt them, and in imitating celestial hues, imparted also the emotion with which they inspired him. Upon some landscapes we look with pleasure on account of their marvellous correctness; from others we imbibe the sentiment with which they overflow. It is the same in poetry. Crabbe had an eye for the minutest details of nature; Wordsworth takes in the very spirit of the universe, and the writings of each affect us accordingly. The special phase of success and promise in Brown is his susceptibility to the language of atmosphere and skies. We have already stated that, as a copyist of Claude, he first advanced both in reputation and means. His success in giving that painter’s manner has procured him the name, among his countrymen and brother artists in Florence, of Claude Brown. In order to estimate wherein this merit differs from other essential qualities of landscape, it is requisite to consider the many delicate

variations which exist in the skies and atmospheres of different countries and seasons. Whoever is alive to the language of nature, must be sensible of having experienced, as it were, her most changeful and insinuating moods, while contemplating the twilight, sunset, or morning aspect of the heavens in America, Switzerland, and Italy, and in spring, winter, and autumn. Perhaps this is the most subtle and mysterious language which she addresses to the mind, and therefore more difficult to define or analyze. "There is an evening twilight of the heart," says Halleck—and who has not felt it? Our sunsets are gorgeous rather than serene, and the light and skies with us, are too exciting to afford the deepest gratification to the feelings, or the most desirable material for the artist. The moon and stars appear to stand forth from the firmament rather than be half lost in its depth. The evening clouds often lie in huge fleecy masses, grand and bright—

"As if some spirit of the air,
Might pause to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there."

There is a keen transparency in the atmospheres of our autumn and winter, but only the haze of the Indian summer breathes a genuine poetry. To this neutral tint, subdued effect, some intervening medium or reflected light whereon the eye can rest without being dazzled—in short, a tranquilizing as well as brilliant element, is quite essential. This is the peculiar charm of Italian

skies. Violet tints, soft and deep, seem to float over the snowy Apennines. There is an apparently penetrable density in the azure of the sky, observable especially when seen through the opening of a cupola—as that of the Pantheon, for instance. At sunset, the clouds stretch in penciled lines along the horizon, and every variety of hue trembles through a lucid mist. The effect upon the mind is dreamy ; the senses are won by gentle encroachments, and the feelings are melted rather than roused, as we gaze. Claude was remarkable for the “dewy humidity which he threw over dark, shadowy places.” This he acquired from Ausonian nature. *Firmamento lucido* and *cieli immensi* belong to the south of Europe. Beckford, who, if we may be allowed the expression, was an epicurean lover of nature, when he first saw the sun go down upon the southern plains on the other side of the Alps, wrote thus—“A few hazy vapors—I cannot call them clouds—rested upon the extremity of the landscape, and through their medium the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray.” The tints of the Apennines are singularly mellow, the air which encircles them often at once pearly and transparent, and their summits are sometimes invested with a saffron light. When the Swiss mountains greeted Allston’s vision at early morning from Lake Maggiore, he says—“They seemed literally to rise from their purple beds and put on their golden crowns.” And in Monaldi, describing a summer noon at Rome, he observes—“There was a thin yellow haze over the distance, like that which precedes the sirocco,

but the nearer objects were clear and distinct, and so bright that the eye could scarcely rest upon them without quivering, especially on the modern buildings, with their huge sweep of whited walls, and their red-tiled roofs, that lay burning in the sun; while the sharp, black shadows which, here and there, seemed to indent the dazzling masses, might almost have been fancied the cinder-tracks of fire." Such descriptions evince the richness of this field of observation to an artist. Mere acuteness of perception, however, is not sufficient to transfer such vague beauties to canvas. There must be a vivid sympathy with transitions so interwoven and aerial. We have compared the atmospheric phenomena of color, light and shade, density and transparency, as visible in nature, with the moods of the mind. To extend the similitude—to those who do not sympathize with and love us, our moods are purely objective, arbitrary, and isolated states; but the eye which can read our own, the heart whose pulses vibrate to our touch, recognize in these moods a soulful meaning. And thus the painter who only sees nature with his eyes, can but embody her more palpable forms and colors; while he who is drawn towards her by undefinable attraction, and feels her more intricate relations, portrays her in the spirit of faith as well as of sight. This is only saying that in regard to susceptibility, the painter should be, and is by nature, a poet also. There is as much sentiment in one of Claude's best landscapes as there is in Raphael's Holy Families. Hitherto our landscape painters have excelled mainly in

graphic ability, in the American aptitudes of tact and quickness ; they have faithfully depicted the material objects which constitute scenery, but rarely caught a trace of the soul of the universe, by which she allies herself to the heart of man ; and it is because we discern the clearest tokens of this genial feeling in some of Brown's pictures, that we would cheer him onward.

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